THE
History of Whiggism,
OR,
The Whiggish-PLOTS,
PRINCIPLES, and PRACTICES,
(Mining and Countermining
THE
Toy-Plots and Principles)
IN
The Reign of King *CHARLES* the *First*, during the Conduct of Affaires, under the Influence of the *Three Great Minions* and *Favourites*, BUCKINGHAM, LAUD, and *STRAFFORD*;

And the *Sad Forre-runners* and *Prologues* to that *FATAL-YEAR* (to *ENGLAND* and *IRELAND*)

41.

Wherein (as in a *Mirrour*) is shown the *Face* of the *Late* (We do not say the *Present*) *Times.*

That which hath been is now,
And that which is to be, hath already been,
And God requireth that which is past: Eccles. 3. 5.
And there is no new thing under the Sun.

Lege Historiam, ne fias Historia.

London, Printed for *E. Smith*, at the *Elephant* and *Castle* in *Cornhill*. 1682.

The History of Whiggism,

OR

The WHIGGISH-PLOTS,

Principles, and Practices

(Mining and Countermining the

TORY-PLOTS and *Principles*, &c.)

TORY.

COme, *Whigg*! Deliver your Purse.

Whigg. How now? *Is't come to that?* For what?

Tory. Come, *Whigg*, you are so full of your old *Jealousies* and *Fears*, that a man cannot ask you merrily for your Purse towards a just and needful, as well as charitable Contribution, but presently you cry, *For what?* You are like all the World, (I perceive) except *Fools* and *Prodigals*, you love your *Money*, and are *loath to part* with your Purse, but *you must know wherefore.*

Whigg. I confess I am not willing the Proverb should be verified upon me, *A Fool and his Money is soon parted*; but in good sooth (Neighbour *Tory*) Wherefore would you have my Purse, or any Money of mine?

Tory. You seldom come at Church, *Whigg*, but if you had been there last *Easter-week* at the Parish-Meeting, you would not ask me wherefore. I *Demand*, or rather *Command thy Money*, (*Whigg*) know, *I am Church-warden*, and here's my *Rate*, and here's your Name, *Whigg*, in the first place, I *begin with you* for Example sake; if you pay, none of the Parish will refuse (*good Sheep*) they'l follow their Leader; if one drink, they'l be all *Huzzah for company*, though they be not a thirst.

Whigg. I have been taught, *That no man in* England *is bound to pay a penny, but what the Law enjoynes, for no mans pleasure whosoever.* See 3. *Car.* 1. 28. 3. *Edw.* 3. Shew me a Law or Statute, *Tory*, for your *Rate*; shew me a Statute for your Office of *Church-Warden*, or *Church-Wardens Rate.* *Whiggish Principle*

Tory. You Whiggs *are all for Statute-Law*, Statute Law; have a care you be not Trust up, or help to make a *Bonfire* in *Smithfield* burn the brighter, by Statute Law too, (one of these days) and Act of *Parliament*; that your *Cuckoes-Tone* (*Whigg*) *Parliament*, *Parliament*, *Act of Parliament*, and *Statute-Law*; I knew your Answer, and therefore this great Bible here under my Arm is the Statute-Book, I brought it on purpose to convince you (*Whigg*;) Here is your Second Bible, here is your Charter of Priviledges (as you call it) *your Magna Charta*, that *Old Nol* call'd *Magna F*—— Let me see, here is the last Year of Queen *Elizabeth.* 43. Eliz. 2.

Be it Enacted by the Authority of this present Parliament, That the Church-wardens (*Look you*) of every Parish, four, three, or two Substantial Houlholders there, as shall be thought meet, having respect to the Proportion and Greatness of the same Parish and Parishes to be nominated yearly in Easter-week, or within one Month after Easter, under the Hand and Seal of two, or more Justices of the Peace in the same County, whereof one to be of the *Quorum*, dwelling in, or near the same Parish or Division where the same Parish doth lye, shall be called Overseers of the Poor of the same Parish.

Whigg. But are you *Nominated* and *Confirmed* thus (Mr. *Church-warden*) under the Hand and Seal of two next *Neighbouring Justices* of the Peace within one Month after *Easter* last? Or is your *Rate confirmed* by them?

Tory. No, I never troubled my self with any Justice about the Matter.

Tantivee. No, *Whigg*, Nor shall he go, nor *need he* to go to any Justice of the Peace to *Nominate or Confirm* him, he is *Confirmed* sufficiently (I say) and legally.

Whigg. By whom? (good Mr. *Curate*,) By the Bishop?

Tantivee. No, Sir, the Bishop does not *use to Confirm* Church-wardens, but the Commissary, or his *Surrogate*; Look you (*Whigg*) I my self *procur'd* Mr. *Surrogates* Hand to his *Rate* to confirm it: his whole Hand cost but a Shilling and a Pint of Sack.

Whigg. No great Pennyworth neither perhaps, of my Money, for I will not give two pence for it, nor two Pence to your *Rate*, except you will shew me a Statute for it. That, 43 Q. *Eliz.* 2. is nothing to this purpose, that is for a Rate for the Poor, when Confirmed by two Justices; this a Rate *for I know not what* Church-Matters, no hand to Confirm it, but Mr. *Surrogate*, or his Master, the *Commissary*; *Shew me a Statute* for Commanding my Purse at this rate.

Tory. (*Good Mr.* Tantivee) Let us get him *Excommunicate.*

Tantivee. Excommunicate? *Hang him*, *Jayl him*, he spoils my Flocks, do but you (Neighbour *Tory*) *Present him*, and leave the rest to me; Mr. *Necessity* the *Surrogate*, (nay better Men than he) the *Registers* and *Proctors* and *I*, are *all one over a Bottle*; or, (if I may be bold to say so amongst Friends) *all of a piece.*

Whigg. Good Mr. *Tantivee*, be not so fierce, you know you promis'd to wink at me, if I would pay you six *pence a Quarter* over and above my *Tithes*, and I alwayes payed you, I love to buy my Peace, rather than want it.

Tantivee. Buy your Peace? Ay, a great Penny-worth; Peace is the greatest Blessing of Mankind (*Whigg*) and dost thou think the Purchase worth no more than two shillings *per Annum.*

Whigg. It cost me not a farthing more these seven years last past.

Tantivee. No, no, You were the better used, but *Tempora mutantur*; The *Market-Price* for Peace, is *risen* two shillings *per annum* for a whole years Peace? *too cheap in all Conscience.* Will you give more? And will you pay honest Mr. *Tory* the Churchwarden *his Rate*? Will you pay (*Whigg*) or go to the Devil — and be deliver'd to Satan and the *Jaylor*? Consider, and take your choice: Will you pay? This it the *first and last* time of asking?

Whigg. Do your worst, and fright Children with your *Bugbears*, I am old enough to be your Father (Mr. *Curate*) and have seen much more of the World than you. I was a Man when King *Charles* the First came to the Crown, and have seen and observed somewhat that you seem (Mr. *Curate*) not so much as to have read in the *Chronicles*, if I may Judge by your Arbitray Demands for *Money*, *Money.*

Tantivee. I do not trouble my self with *Chronicles*, especially of the late Times, a pack of *Whiggs and Old Rebels* spoiled all, (I have heard) but how, or why, I never trouble my Head, which I keep empty, and my best and highest *Room Unfurnish't*, of every thing but *Divinity*; I keep my *Garret for Divinity*, purely for Divinity; you will not think how *stuft it is* (even just now) with Sermons, *Sermons*, *top full of Sermons*, and *Divinity.*

Tory. You would do well then to *ease it* (Mr. *Tantivee*) by *unlading* some of your Store, and in easing your Head, you would also thereby comfort your Flock.

Tantivee. You had two Sermons out of my Head last *Sunday*, What would you have? Do you know? You pay me but twenty pound *per annum* for *my Afternoon Sermon*, or Lecture Sermon.

Tory. And well too, except it came *out of your Head*; but some think, it never came either in your *Head or Heart*, only in *your Hand*, Written or Printed to your *Hand*, for out of the *Abundance of the Heart*, *the Tongue speaketh*; there is no Clown so ignorant, but if his Head or Heart be full of any thing, he can express it to make others understand, though it be full of *Pain*, *Love*, or a *Distemper*, but *when you do not read*, you are and can say nothing to the *Matter*, not so much as *Boh* to a *Goose.*

Tantivee. See *there*, whil'st *we two clash* thus, How *Whigg grins* there, and laughs in his Sleeve? Prithee (*Honest Churchwarden*) help me but *now and then* to rub up my *Memory* (for I have a *base treacherous Memory*) and see but how I will *Towze him and Towzer him*, (I read *Honest Hodge* and *Heraclitus*) see but how I'le run down the *Whigg* in *Mood* and *Figure*, he does not understand *Barbara Celarent*, &c. Since we can get no *Money* of him, let's get some sport out of him, let me alone for *Ergo*, and the *Syllogistical* Part, and for *History* (Mr. *Churchwarden*) I leave you to deal with him; besides, you

are

are as *old as he*, Old-men and Travellers may lash out a little, by Authority, I know thou wilt match him (*Old Tory-boy*) chear up.

Tory. No man before his *Guide* (good Mr. *Curate*) *begin* with him, and I'le *Second* you, I must let my *Betters go before me.*

Tantivee. *Into a Tavern*, if you please, but I told you my Head was lin'd with better stuff than *Old Chronicles* and musty *English Laws*, I care for no Laws, but *Honour the King, and give unto* Cæsar *the things that are* Cæsars, Tribute to whom Tribute is due, *Custome to whom Custome*, Honour to whom Honour.

Whigg. If you will not be angry (Mr. *Tantivee*) may I ask you a Question?

Tantivee. Ask what Questions you please.

Whigg. Then (Mr. *Tantivee*) do you understand these *last* words, *Tribute to whom Tribute is due*, Custome to whom Custome, Honour to whom Honour.

Tantivee. Any Fool may understand them, Cæsar *is to have what Tribute or Customs he requires, obey every Ordinance of Man*, for the Lords sake.

Whigg. That is your *Doctrine*, but what *Use* or *Inference*, or Consequence do you make thereof.

Tantivee. *Ergo*, the Kings of *England* may require Tribute, Custome, *&c.* as they please.

Whigg. It doth not necessarily follow, that because *Cæsar* might do it at *Rome*, therefore Queen *Elizabeth*, or King *James*, &c. might do it in *England.*

Tantivee. Your Reason (*Dear Instructor.*)

Whigg. Because, that though Government be *Jure Divino*, yet *this or that Mode* of Government is *not by Divine Right*; Government and Discipline is necessary in a House, a Church, or a State; but whether *Monarchy*, *Aristocracy* (or Obligarchy) or *Democracy* in a State, is *not decided by the Law of God*, nor by the *Law of Nature*; but sometimes the *Longest Sword* has decided it, sometimes the *Fundamental Laws* and Constitutions of the Government. *Whiggish Principle*

Tantivee. I knew I should catch you (*Whigg!*) upon the Hipp, now *I'le give thee a Lift*, and a Toss, and a Fall or Foyle, look to't, here it is, a hundred to one against thee, thou art gone (*Whigg!*) *a hundred to one, a whole Synod*, and an Archbishop, and a whole Cannon against thee; *Ergo*, &c. I knew I should baffle thee; Here 'tis,

Lambeth Cannon, made Anno, 1640. Namely,

The most High and Sacred Order of Kings is of Divine Right, being the Ordinance of God himself, founded in the Prime Law of Nature, and clearly Establish't by express Text, both of the Old & New Testament, &c. *Lamb. Can: made in 40*

Tantivee. Doth not God say, —— *By Me, Kings Reign?*

Whigg. Yes, and *Princes too*, as well as Kings; *States and Magistrates*, all by God. —— Therefore the Text says, *By Me Kings Reign, and Princes Decree Judgment.* But This Cannon is not Canonical Scripture, nor Law of the Land, nor is all Gospel that a Synod says, or that the Clergy says, though they alone were (which they are not) the Church, but the *Church of England* says, That *the Church may Err*; and all the *French-men* now concurr and are *Jansenists*, and confess that even the *Church of Rome may Err, and his Holiness*; then surely *Lambeth* may *Err*, especially in that which they were *little skill'd in*) the Laws of this Realm, and the *Constitutions of our Monarchy*, and Commonwealth. *Whiggish Principle.*

Tantivee. Why? Are not all Kings, *Absolute Kings*, and alike?

Whigg. No, no; no more than all Kingdoms and all Men, and the Laws of all Kingdoms alike; *different Men, different Manners*, Constitutions and Complexions; and so also, *different Kingdomes different* Manners, *Constitutions*, and Complexions: *Cæsar* at *Rome*, the Kings of *Poland*, the King of *England*, *Denmark*, *Sweden*, and all *different Regiments.*

Tantivee. Though Men and Kingdoms are different, yet God and his Law, and the Law of Nature are *the same in all Ages, and in all Nations.*

Whigg. 'Tis true, what then?

Tantivee. Then, if the Most High and Sacred Order of Kings be such by the Prime Law of Nature, and the Express Texts of Holy Scripture, then all the Nations of the

World, ought by the Prime Law of Nature, and Expreſs Texts of Holy Scripture, to be Ruled by the Moſt High and Sacred Order of Kings.

But the Moſt High and Sacred Order of Kings, *&c.* *Ergo.*

Whigg. I deny this laſt *Propoſition*, your *Minor.*

Tantivee. — *Contra negantem Principia, non eſt diſputandum*: Now I have got you upon the *Hugg*, the *Corniſh Hugg*, down you go; Will you *deny Principles*, Prime Principles, the Cannon-Law?

Whigg. The whole Houſe of *Commons* Voted againſt theſe Cannons, as ſoon as they appeared in view, and both *Lords* and *Commons* Impeach't that great Archbiſhop *Laud*, the chief Author or Abetter of thoſe Cannons, and *Condemn'd him* to dye (whether juſtly or injuſtly, becomes not us at this diſtance to cenſure) but far greater Matters were laid to his Charge, of which by and by; for I ſhall meddle with nothing but undoubted Hiſtory, and Matter of Fact.

Tory. But (*Whigg*) Do you affirm that *Monarchy* is not Eſtabliſhed by the *Prime* Law of Nature? Is there not one *Sun* in the Firmament, and one *Pilot* at the Helm? One *Leader* in a Swarm of Bees?

Whigg. Theſe are *Poetical* and Rhetorical Flouriſhes and *Surmiſes*, not *Arguments*; And the *Virtuoſo's* will tell you it is falſe too, and that *every ſeven Stars* in the Firmament *have a Sun, and a Moon*, &c. And if you ever had been at Sea in a Storm, you would find five or ſix Men at the Helm, *and laſh her faſt* beſides, and all few enough, and little enough, in a great Ship.

The *Number II.* will Chime as well; Is there not in the *Zodiack* — *Gemini*, or the *Twins*? Is there not two *Sheriffs* for the City? Two *Buckets* in a Well? Two *Stones* in a Bladder? Two *Horns* on a Goats Head, upon a *Cuckoldly* Welch-Goats Head? Two *Hands* in a Diſh, *&c*? Or for *Number III.* Three Regions in the Body? A Trinity of Three Concoctions, *firſt, ſecond, third*, before there be any good Blood? Three States in the Realm? A Tripple Crown on the *Popes* Head, *&c.* A Threefold Cord? A Tripple-League? A Tertian-Ague, and Cured with *Trefoyl*, &c? The three *Paracelſian* Principles, *Sal, Sulphur*, and *Mercury*? And ſo on endleſly. Then for *Number IV.* The four Elements? The four Humours? Four Evangeliſts? Four Judges of the Bench? The *Quartan Ague*, &c? 'Tis endleſs to argue (at this rate) *from one*, till you come *to ſeventy*: The ſeventy Elders? The Septuagint, *&c.*

Tantivee. No, (*Brother-Tory*) This *will not do*; but I know what will do for Nature and Succeſſion; Is not the *Eldeſt Brother* Chief, and Heir *by the Law of Nature*?

Whigg. The Elder Brother is not Heir *by the Law of Nature*, nor by the Law of God: he had a double Portion amongſt the *Jews* (when he could catch it) ſometimes, and *but ſometimes*; For *Cain* was elder than *Sem*, but *Sem* got the Bleſſing: *Ham* elder than *Japhet*, but *Japhet* got the Dominion: So *Jacob* in deſpight of *Eſau*: *Benjamin* the youngeſt of the Tribes, got the *Dominion firſt* (in *Saul* the firſt King) and poor *Reuben* never claimed the *Birthright* or *Succeſſion to the Crown*; no, *Judah* (got it) before him; and of *Judah*, the meaneſt Houſe, *Jeſſe*, and of his Sons, *David*, a meer younger Brother: Thus all the *Sheaves* bowed to *Joſephs* Sheaf, yet he was the youngeſt of eleven.

In ſome Countries the Brethren and Siſters equally Inherit (as in *Holland*) the Siſters in *England* too, are Co-heirs; and in many Coppyholds, the *Youngeſt Brother* is the Heir but, in the Succeſſion to the Crown of *England*, the eldeſt *ſince William the Conquerour* (to go no higher) His *Succeſſour* was his *Second Son, William Rufus*, the elder Brother, *Robert*, Duke of *Normandy being* alive: and after him, the Youngeſt Son of the Conquered *Henry* I. whil'ſt yet poor *Robbin* was alive; ſo King *Steven*, King *John*, *Henry* IV. *Henry* V. *Henry* VI. *Richard* III. and others, all of the younger Houſe; nay, Queen *Mary*, and Queen *Elizabeth* are made both *Illegitimate* by Act of Parliament, (one of them was certainly ſo) and both *Legitimated* again by Act of Parliament; and by the 13. *Eliz.* 2. 'Tis High Treaſon to make a queſtion whether an Act of Parliament cannot bind the Right of the Crown, and the Deſcent, Limitation, and Inheritance, or Governance thereof. Therefore in your next *Addreſs*, (Mr. *Tantivee*) have a care of your hits: nay, it is Impriſonment for the firſt Offence, and Præmunire for the ſecond Offence, to ſay, That any particular Perſon, other than the Natural Iſſue of the Queens Body, is or ought to be Heir: And yet the Queen of *Scots* was preſumptive Heir, and after her, King *James*.

Therefore (*Tory* and *Tantivee*) 'tis ſafer for you to talk of ſomething elſe, and let

Statutes,

Statutes alone, wherein I perceive you are neither of you over converſant, the depth of your skill lyes in *Heraclitus* and the *Obſervator*. Read 4. *Hen.* 4. 11. And you will find the Crown Entayl'd to *Henry* 5. and his Heirs, and for want thereof, to *John*, *Thomas*, and *Humphrey*, his Sons, and not one of them right Heir at Law.

Tantivee. Well (Sir) But I'le deal with you in my own *Function* in Divinity, have at you with the Bible: Was not *Moſes* a King?

Whigg. *Moſes* was a *kind of a King*, and a Prieſt, and a Prophet too, Circumciſed his Son, Conſecrated *Aaron*, Ruled the unruly *Iſraelites*, bred up at Court, and in *King-Craft*, and all the Learning of the *Ægyptians*: but he was ſoon weary of the Load, too heavy for his ſingle Shoulders, and therefore beggs of God to change the Monarchy into a Free State, Ariſtocracy, or the 70 Elders, thinking it an unconſcionable Load, ſaying, *Have I got all this People alone?* No reaſon, (as if he ſhould ſay) that ſince he had not the pleaſure of getting them alone, that he ſhould bear them alone: nor did his Son, but his Servant Succeed him, as *Generaliſſimo*; nor did the Sons of *Saul* Succeed him, but *by Gods Appointment*, a younger Brother of another Tribe, and he the meaneſt of his Fathers Houſe, *David*; that yet had goodly Men to his Elder Brethren, and fit for Kings, in the Judgment of the Prophet; and to him Succeeded *Solomon*, one of the youngeſt of *Davids* Sons; away then with your Cannon for Succeſſion, from Holy Scripture; and have a care what you ſay, except you have the Law of God, the Law of Nature, or the Law of the Land on your ſide.

But by the Law of *England*, the Eldeſt Son uſually Inherits, but may be excluded and cut off, for ſeveral Reaſons, and ſeveral wayes, eſpecially, where a Man is Heir to his Fathers Office, if he be unfit and uncapable for that Office: but keep to your Text, Mr. *Tantivee*, to your Bible, and leave theſe Matters to the Law and Lawyers, Divines that have leaſt skill in thoſe Matters, they are alwayes of the hotteſt Mettal, *up into Pulpit*, and away with it *Whip* and *Spur* upon the Gallop and Tantivee, upon an Errand, that God knows, you ſee their Synod had not over much skill in, I'le ſay to ſuch, as *Joab* ſaid to *Ahimaaz* (a Mettled young Prieſt) *Wherefore wilt thou run, my Son, ſeeing thou haſt no Tydings ready*; but *Tantivee Ahimaaz* replyed, *However let me run*; and the General gave him leave to run himſelf out of Breath, and when he came to be examined before the King, he knew nothing of the Matter, ſaying, *I ſaw a great Tumult, but I knew not what it was.* And the King ſaid, *Turn aſide, and ſtand here, and he turned aſide, and ſtood ſtill*: It would be well if our *Tantivee Hot-ſpurs*, would at length, when they have run themſelves off their Leggs already, now learn ſo much Wit and Manners, as *Ahimaaz* did, to *turn aſide and ſtand ſtill*, and give place to *Cuſhi*, that underſtands the Matter, and had Inſtructions and Commiſſion for what he did. 2 *Sam.* 18. 22, 23, 29.

Tantivee. I confeſs I have heard the Chimes go, *Honos*, *Onus*, Honour (like a red-hot Iron-Bar) is not ſo high as heavy and weighty, ask great Men in great Places, and *if it were not for the Money*, they could be content to change Places with you and me (Mr. Churchwarden) and for the Money too, it is not *enſured* to them and their Poſterities; hang it, there is nothing like Mirth and a Cup of good Sack, *Huzzah*, Shall's go to the *Mitre*, the *Cardinals-Cap*, or the *Popes-Head*?

Whigg. To the Devil, to the *Devil-Tavern* you mean, by *Temple-Bar*, for it looks like the Devil on the *Starboard* Side, and like the Pope on the *Larboard* Side, and therefore ſome call it indifferently, the *Popes-head Tavern*, ſome the *Devils-Tavern*, not willing to decide the difference.

Tantivee. Let them take it amongſt them, I ſuppoſe there will be not Quarrel about that, if the *Pope* and the *Devil* be agreed, as they ſay they are; for when the *Pope* ſends by *Mittimus* to the Devil, the Devil (as Jaylor) does not, or dares not refuſe; but I am for neither of them (whatever you think) I am neither for *Devil* nor *Pope*, *on the other ſide of the Water.* [Though one *Pope* did call *Anſelme* (Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*) in reality — *Alterius Orbis Papa*, — *Pope on the other ſide of the* W—.]

Whigg. I am very willing for ever to keep on this ſide the Water, yet the Univerſity of *Oxford* were either very *Paraſitical*, or very *Pontifical*, or very *Hyperbolical*, when (as Hiſtory ſays) they ſtyled Archbiſhop *Laud* (their Chancellor) the *Pope*, as at his Tryal ſeveral Witneſſes were produced, that he aſſumed the Title of the *Pope*, that in Letters from the Univerſity of *Oxford*, he was ſtyled *Optimus Maximus* (without *Jobeing* the Univerſity for the Complement) and *Sanctitas veſtra*, your Holineſs, *Æternum Reverendiſſime Cancellarie*, *& Maximus Pontifex*: Read the Impeachment and Tryal.

Tantivee. I trouble not my self with such Reading, we will talk of it by and by; I know Archbishop *Laud* writ against *Popery* in his Book *versus Fisher* the Jesuit.

Whigg. He did so, and very well, and very learnedly; but did not you use the old Phrase just now, *Tempora mutantur*: Who a greater Patriot than the Earl of *Strafford*, whilst he was but Sir *Thomas Wentworth*? But when taken off, Who more afraid of Parliaments than the E. of *Strafford*? as I will shew you by and by; And indeed, you never read of any man in favour at Court, longer than he was Favourite with the Queen.

Tory. But prithee (*Whigg*) What is this to the Money for which I came, for the Church-wardens *Rate*? Words are but wind, your *Money* Sir (good Mr. *Whigg*) your *Money*.

Whigg. I have none for you (*Tory*) march off, I pay no *Money* upon Compulsion without Law, arbitrarily.

Tory. You will be an *Ass* and a prating *Coxcomb*, like your Predecessors, I am as old as you, and know things as well as you; and when King *James* left his Son King *Charles* the First, Three Glorious Crowns, but an empty *Purse* or *Exchequer*, clogg'd to boot with a War for the Recovery of the *Palatinate*; the *Old Whiggish way of Parliaments* were made use of, but when that would not do enough, *other ways*, (beyond or besides the Law) were made use of, as *Loanes*, *Monopolies*, *Benevolences*, *Ship-money*, *Free-Quarter*, and many more were thought meet to be made use of, and those wayes brought in Money without very much ado.

1625. *Whigg.* Then I have forgot the Story of those Times, pray help my Memory.

March 27. *Tory.* I say then, King *James* dyed, *March* 27. 1625, and left the Crowns (with a War) to his Onely Son King *Charles* the First; but there was not *Money*, *Money* enough in the Exchequer to pay the Charges of the War; no, indeed, not to pay the Funeral Expences for the Deceased Kings Buryal, Interred, *May* 17. and the Nuptials of the Queen soon after Celebrated; the *Marriage* Consummated, *June* 12. at *Canterbury*, and entred *London*, June 16, for a Supply. To that purpose a Parliament must be called, and they met at *Westminster*, June 18. where the King in an Eloquent Speech, set forth his Wars, and his Wants, and urges for Supplies, and those Speedy too, because he tendred their Lives in great hazard, by reason of the Pestilence, which raged at that time, and much hindered, as well as dampt the *Nuptial Joys* and *Solemnities*.

May 17. *June* 12. *June* 16. *June* 18.

For there dyed then in one week of the *Plague*, in *London*, and the Out-Parishes, 35417, and of all Diseases in a week, 54265.

Whigg. But were the Parliament a Free, *Free Parliament* of their *Money*?

Tory. No, *Whigg*, not over Free at first nor last, for instead of *Money*, the Parliament went on in their old wonted Methods, your *Old English Whiggish Methods*, and sent Sir *Edward Cook* with a *Petition* to the House of Lords (for their Concurrence) against *Recusants*.

June 21.

Whigg. Well, *Tory*, What harm in that?

Tory. Harm? You do not hear me say it was any harm.

Whigg. No, no, think what you will, but have a care of what you say, I have heard, the King gave the two Houses Thanks for that *Petition* against *Recusants*.

Tory. The more Courteous King he, but did he give them thanks for any Money, I doubt they were not so free of their Purses, when they begin with Grievances, 'tis an ill *Omen*.

Whigg. 'Tis ill times foregoing, that makes Grievances (the Distemper of the Kingdom) for which Parliaments are the best (if not the only) *Physitians*; you think a Parliament is good for nothing, but (like Sheep) to give down their Milk, and part with their Fleece. But I remember the *Papists* were mighty *Bogg*, and *Cock a hoop* at that time, having got a Queen of their Religion, and zealous for the Propagation thereof, and the King Cordially (as was fit) loved her, and She lay in his Bosome, and near his Heart, and had got a Convent of *Capuchin-Fryars* (bravely seated) at the Old House, *Somerset-House*: and Bishop *Laud* made a distinguishing of Parties, giving the Duke of *Buckingham* a Schedule, wherein the Names of Ecclesiastical Persons were written under the Letters *O*, and *P*; *O*, standing for *Orthodox*, and *P*, for *Puritan*.

Tory. Ay, Ay, I remember that Parliament begun with what all other Parliaments, (during the whole Reign) begun with, namely, *Jealousies and Fears*, you *Whiggs* are full of *Jealousies* and *Fears*.

Whigg. Was there not a Cause for such Jealousies and Fears? Cause enough, more than enough; Must men see their Beloved (Religion, Laws, and Property, Charters, and

Pri-

Priviledges) *Raviſhed* before their Face, and do you think they ought not to be *Jealous* and *Fearful*?

And did not *Richard Montague*, (one of the Kings Chaplains) write a Book at the ſame time, called — *Apello Cæſarem*, and Aſſerted, *That Popery had the Foundation of True Religion*, And upon which the *Houſe* Voted his Book to be contrary to the Articles of Religion, tending to the Diſhonour of the King, and Diſturbance of the Church and State.

Tory, Voted? Yes, they Voted and Voted, and brought poor *Mountague* upon his Knees at the Bar, and Voted his Books to be burnt, and they were burnt by the Hand of the Common *Hangman*, and exhibited Articles againſt *Mountague*.

Whigg. Ay, ay, but the King owned him for his Chaplain, pardoned him and *Manwaring*, made them both Biſhops, *Mountague* was firſt made Biſhop of *Chicheſter*, and then Biſhop of *Norwich* (*Norwich* being the Richer Biſhoprick) and *Roger Manwaring* was made Biſhop of St. *Davids*. But though *Mountague* was advanc't to the right ſort of Advancement, yet his Book was advan't to the *Hangman*, and refuted by Dr. *Featly*, Dr. *Goad*, Mr. *Yard*, Mr. *Yates*, Mr. *Wootton*, and Mr. *Rouſe*; and the Doctor of the Chair, in a Divinity Diſputation held at *Oxford*, handled *Mountague* very roughly, ſaying, *He was a meer Grammarian, a Man that ſtudyed Phraſes more than Matter, that he underſtood neither*: See *Ruſhworth*, 177.

Tory. Come, come, for all this he kept the *Biſhoprick*, had the Favour of the Court, and of two Chief Minions, *Buckingham* and *Laud*, advan't afterwards to the Biſhoprick of *Norwich*, for that Biſhoprick is richer than *Chicheſter*.

Whigg. What ſays *Pluck*? —— *The greater* K —— *the better Luck*. Nay, it is no Sin to call him *K* —— though he be dead, for in the Judgment of the Parliament, he was a *Miſchievous Fellow*.

Tory. Parliaments are not Infallible.

Whigg. No, no, but they are *as likely to be Infallible* as any other, as Infallible as his *Holineſs*, or the *Lambeth Convocation*.

Tantivee. Well, we'l give Looſers leave to ſpeak; in the mean time Dr. *Mountague*, and *Manwaring*, and all of us, their Succeſſors do know very well of *which ſide of our Bread our Butter lies*.

Whigg. Yes, yes, *Spiritual Perſons* do know to get *Carnal Things*, as well as any *Lay*, *Carnal*, —— *Worldly*, *Earthly* man of them all. — Thus have I known *Buzzards* and *Kites Mount up to Heaven*, and Fly high: For what? In hopes to go to Heaven? No, no, but.

Kites and *Buzzards* Mount the Sky,
As if (they) to Heaven would Fly,
Whil'ſt they (*Alas!*) do *Soar ſo high*
Only the *better* to eſpy
Where the *Prey on Earth* doth lye.
Hovering over it, to lite,
(*Swoop*) *Have at it*, Says the *Kite*.

The Love of Money is the Root of all Evil, which whil'ſt ſome have covered after, they have erred from the Faith, and pierced themſelves (and our Kings, and theſe poor Kingdoms) *through with many Sorrows*.

What *Miſchiefs* the Convocation and the Pulpit brought by their ſaid *Lying-Cannon*, and *Lying-Sermons* (for *Manwaring* confeſt at the Bar of the Houſe, That his Book was a *great Lye*, and did deſerve (the fate it had) to be *burnt*; yet notwithſtanding theſe Lyes, Diſloyalties, Miſchiefs, and Flatteries, through the Love of *Money*, finding the ready Road to Preferment, they got it, that ought rather to have had the other ſort of *Preferment* or *Advancement* (that *Eloquence* has told us of.

Tantivee. Ay, ay, I know your meaning, and what you would be at, but you may be hang'd firſt; Old *Hodge* turns Hang-man now, and tells us in *Obſervator*, Num: That he has alſo beſpoke Halters for *Carr* and *Curtis*, they have the Rope about their Necks already.

Tory. I confeſs this is inſufferable, Is *Hodge* made Judge, or Jury-man?

Whigg. No, neither, the *Hangman* is unfit for any thing but the *Gallows* or *Bedlam*.

Tantivee. Nay, now you are as *ſharp as he*.

Whigg. I grant it, but he teaches men *ill Manners*, and *beggs affronts* that abuſes his fellow Subjects at this impudent rate, only becauſe they dare be ſo bold, as to expoſe *Popery* and *Popiſh Deſigns*: But let old *Hodge* remember Sir *Francis Michell* a Projector (and Comrogue with Sir *Giles Mompeſſon*) who built a new Priſon in *Finsbury Fields*, with *Gibbets* and *Racks*, and he was the firſt that hanſelled his own Invention or *Brazen-Bull*: yet they had the Kings Commiſſion and Broad-Seal for what they did, and the King notwithſtanding, left them to Mercy (that is) to the Juſtice of the Parliament.

Tantivee. As his Son King *Charles* left the E. of *Strafford* — you would ſay.

Whigg. No, Sir, I am not come to that yet; this *Hodge* interrupts us, *The Gallows will claim its due one day*, and rid the world of his Impertinence.

Tory. Nay, now you are bitter.

Whigg. Not a whit more than needs: How comes ſuch Debauch't Villains to predict Halters and Gibbets to honeſt *Proteſtants* (as in *Ireland* in 41. too truly) when 'tis eaſily and readily to be proved that the Gallows has groaned for old *Hodge* ever ſince he proffered a *Rape* upon Mrs. *Darby* — The Printers Wife.

Tory. Ay, truly, that cannot be denyed, becauſe the Gentlewoman is yet alive to atteſt it; the old *Cur* may thank God that ſhe was too ſtrong for him, otherwiſe he had hanged for it, but the Goatiſh, Fumbling, Letcherous, Old Dog was not able to ſtand before her.

Whigg. Theſe are brave Champions for a Cauſe, he and *Railein* (that writes *Heraclitus*, expell'd *Cambridge* for being a *Rake-hell*) and Iriſh *Nat Thompſon*: Oh Heavenly Brood!

Tantivee. Ay, but they have been ever true to the King, and Loyal.

Whigg. It is impoſſible, How can men that have no truth in them, be true to any body? They are Raſcals and Incendiaries. No King can readily have worſe Enemies, for they are enough to ſpoil any Cauſe they manage, good or bad: Did not *Nat.* Print — the *Speech of a noble Peer*? Yet he goes *Impune*? Did not old *Hodge* turn Renegado to old *Noll*?

Tory. Ay, but he tells you he had like to have been hanged for his Loyalty.

Whigg. There muſt be more in it than Loyalty (pretended) for no man was ever hanged barely for being of that Party.

Tory. Some ſaid, they laid to his Charge, that he was a Spye, *&c.*

Whigg. Hang him, we will talk no more of him, ſuch Fellows as he (like the *Papiſts*) *diſorac't the Kings Army*, ill ſucceſs always did, and will attend them, let them be where they will; ſuch Debauchees and the *Papiſts* Herded with the Kings Army, as *Jews* do with the *Turks*, not for any more Love they have to them or their Religion, but becauſe the Chriſtians would *not permit them to live amongſt them*: the truth is, the Parliaments Army Caſhiered thouſands of better men (than *Hodge*) meerly for Debauchery: and though he got in at Court (where all Vice goes bare-fac't) with old *Noll*, it was only to be a Fidler, to which office any ſhabby Raſcal is admitted.

Tantivee. Nay, now you are very keen and ſharp.

Whigg. The *Canker* merits it, he crocks every man in the mouth (with his Pen) that ſtands in the way of *Popiſh* Deſigns: he is like *Heraclitus* whoſe right name (as I ſaid) is *Raylin*; but the maſquerade Villain is aſhamed on't, and well he may, for leave — (*in*) — out, and his Name is *Rayl* —— to Rayl, Lye, and Slander is their dayly work, and weeks work, they cannot live without it, it is their dayly bread, they muſt write or ſtarve; but *Hodge* has the beſt on't, for he has a Penſion from *Doway*, from St. *Omers*, and from the *D*—— and from the *Univerſity*.

Whigg. I thought Schollars had had more wit than to part with their money ſo rediculouſly.

Tory. Schollars are like other men, *ſome* are *wiſe*, and *ſome* are *otherwiſe*: Let us think no more of theſe *hireling Pamphleteers*; we *Tories* are ſick of them, we are ſo dayly glutted with them; nay, and they make us ſpeak too, *in ſpight of our teeth*, that which we never thought, nor ever entred into our thoughts.

Whigg. Bold Fellows! But if ſome body do not *take them to do*, and turn them a little *In-ſided Out*, till the Parliament Sit, they'l think they have got the World in a ſtring, and all the reaſon on their ſide, as well as the Law too, they hope at preſent, or they durſt not be ſo inſolent; ſurely a few Renegadoes cannot long Cajole a whole *Nation*; Where is the old *Engliſh Spirit* now become?

Tantivee. Then you inſinuate that the Pure-Parliaments-Army had no publick *Whores*, *Whore-maſters*, *Drunkards*, *Curſers*, nor *Blaſphemers* among them.

Whigg.

Whigg. True. *no open prophane perſons were ſuffered*; no doubt but there are wicked men every where, and Whore-maſters might be in that *Army*, but if known, they were not tolerated, nor permitted to ſtay there, neither any *Drunkard*, *Curſer*, *Swearer*, or *Blaſphemer*: It is one thing to Sin *modeſtly*, *and through humane Frailty*, the Apoſtles might do ſo; but to ſin *impudently*, *openly*, with a *high hand*, and a *brazen-face*; nay, to *boaſt of their Sin*, and *glory in their Shame*, as they do at ſome *Courts*; this is (like the *Giants* of old) to *bid Heaven Battle*, and to dare the God of *Heaven*, and to curſe themſelves, and Blaſpheme him to his Face: ſearch all Records, conſult all Hiſtories, and you will ſcarcely ever find in any Age, that men ever ſin'd at this *Impudent rate*, as now; nay, *without Bluſhing*; nay, they put men *to the Bluſh*, that *cannot brag* of their prophane *Lewdneſs* in *Truth*; ſo that ſome poor hearts are forced to glory in *wanton Pranks* that they never committed, leſt they ſhould be hooted at, and taken upon Suſpition to be vertuous.

Tory, Ay, ay, Lord have mercy upon us, *we are Judgment*-ripe, there wants but a little more *Popery*, and our Cup *will be full*; *Huzzah!* Brim-full.

Whigg. Mock not, *God will not be mocked*, you will find it ſpeedily, ſpeedily.

Tantivee. You are no true Prophet, *I hope*, in this Prediction.

Whigg. *I hope ſo too*, I had rather *we* ſhould *mend* than *End*: but God is juſt, and will not long be mocked, and *openly* and *publickly*, and with *general Countenance*, and *Permiſſion without Check*, *ſo daringly* Blaſphemed; wherefore God commanded an Attonement for poor Sinners, in the Old Teſtament, but an open Blaſphemer, or a preſumptuous Sinner was not to live a moment. *Levit.* 24. 16. *Numb.* 15. 30. 31.

Tantivee. You ſee (tho) *we do live to be Rampant*, and Controul you, *you Conventicle Raſcal* —— You ſerve God (*you Villain*) in ſpight of the *Laws*; we'l Law you, and Fetter you to boot; old *Hodge*, *Raylin*, and *Iriſh Nat* do dayly beſpeak Halters for you all.

Whigg. More is the Pitty, that ſuch Villains ſhould *Controul* all, and abuſe their Betters; but *Iriſh Nat* is met with.

Tory. He'l find better Friends yet, than better men.

Tantivee. No, (*Brother Tory*) no, that would be a little too palpable; we had better let the Rogue ſuffer than the Cauſe be reflected on; ſpeak not another word for him (as you love me) there are otherways to gratifie his Sufferings, under hand; Juſtice muſt be done ſometimes, *for ſhame of the World*, *and Speech of the People*, as well as for its own ſake: or, by way of Reprizal, Man for Man, Pillory for Pillory, an *Oxford* Gallows for *Tyburn*; there is cunning in Daubing.

Whigg. I know Popiſh malice is *Blood-thirſty* and Implacable; but it is *Laviſhly-blooody* and *in its Kingdom* when it can be Sanguinary and kill Proteſtants, under the Vizards of *Loyalty* and *Diſloyalty*: whereas no man can be *Loyal* that is a *Papiſt* (it is impoſſible) further than the Prieſt diſpenſes, nor any man *Diſloyal* that confronts not the Law, though twenty *Iriſh Tories* ſwear againſt one ſingle Proteſtant.

Tory. Why? Were not all the *Papiſts* generally for the King, and not a man of them in the Parliaments Army.

Whigg. No, not a Man for the King immediately and directly, but *at long run they happened to be ſo*; for they were for the *Pope*, and the *Pope* happened to be for the King: but if the *Pope* had ſided with the *Covenanters*, as he did with the *French Covenanters* a little before, under the Duke of *Guiſe*, againſt *Henry III.* and *Henry IV. French Kings*, then the *true* Papiſts *were all againſt the King*, and *true Rebels in your ſenſe*; but in my ſenſe, *no man can be a Rebel* (as I'le ſhew you hereafter) but he that wilfully oppoſes and tranſgreſſes the *Laws of the Land*, and ſuch men are the only Rebels and Traytors, and have ſuffered as Traytors for oppoſing and undermining *King and Parliaments and the Fundamental Laws* of this Kingdom and Common-wealth in all Ages: but indeed, the *Papiſts*, and the *whory*, *roary*, *ſwory*, *ſcory Tories* were Cavaliers; for I have told you the Parliaments Army would not *Harbour* or *Admit*, or *Permit* ſuch Debauchees, whom the Juſt Judgments of God do purſue from Country to Country, by Sea and by Land, and yet they'l take no warning. This ſame Popery is ſuch a *Deviliſh Superſtition*, that like the *Sting* of a *Tarantula*, it poiſons as well as intoxicates, and makes the *Fools dance and caper*; ſo that I wiſh our *Apoſtates* would herein imitate the King of *Denmark* (*Waldemar* the 3*d.*) writing to one of the Popes that held too ſevere a hand upon him, theſe words—*Naturam habemus à Deo*, *Regnum à Subditis*, *Divitias à Parentibus*, *Religionem à Romanâ Eccleſiâ*, *quam ſi nobis invides*, *renunciamus per preſentes.* (that is) We hold our Life

from God, our Kingdom *from our Subjects*, our Wealth *from our Anceſtors*, and our Religion *from the Church of Rome*, which if you grudge us, take it again, and make your beſt on't, for we renounce and diſclaim it *by theſe preſents*.

What? Can a few *Renegadoes*, or Papiſts think to nuzzle the moſt *glorious Iſle and City of the Univerſe* out of their *Rights*, *Religion*, and *Properties*, and all this while pretend Loyalty? *Forbid it, God!* The City of *London and their Priviledges* are the great *Bulwark* of the Proteſtants Religion, and the *Aſylum* and *Sanctuary* for Proteſtant Patriots againſt the late Popiſh *Sham-plots*, where Juſtice may be had, and equal *Juries*, not pack't and pick't to *ſerve a turn*, as has been in ſome Counties; *hither therefore do the Gentry fly*, and to *Middleſex*, to avoid pack't and pick't Juries and Sham-plots; and the Papiſts know it as well; therefore the Jeſuits firſt burnt it: and when that would not do ——

Tantivee. ——What then?

Whigg. Nay, nothing, I hope they can do nothing.

Tantivee. No? But if a *Flaw* be found in the *City-Charter*, and taken *away, as a Forfeiture*, where is your *brave Aſylum*, and Sanctuary, and *Bulwark*?

Whigg. I hope I ſhall never ſee that *Famous Antient City* with her Liberties and Priviledges (as antient as her *Chriſtendom* and *Chriſtian Kings*) diſfranchiſed and made a Village, to the ruine of *ſo many thouſand Families, and Apprentices*, that beſides the loſs of their Money, have Served a weary *Apprentiſhip* to obtain *the Freedom of the City*. There is but one *Stud* that ſupports Popiſh-Deſigns, and that has been *rotten to my knowledge* (as well as the Chirurgions) almoſt twenty years, and if it *drop a pieces*, down goes *Babel* for ever, and all Popiſh hopes, and the Fortunes of our few *Renegadoes with it*: a ſlender Prop, God he knows ——And I may ſay of *this Scotch Miſt*, as *Athanaſius* ſaid of the ſhort Reign of *Julian the Apoſtate*, and his Perſecution, *Nubecula eſt, & cito evaneſcet*. It will ſoon vaniſh, and then ——

Tantivee. And then? What? ——

Whigg. Then —— Where is the Policy of a few *Renegadoes*, that as men of no *Principles* of Religion, Honeſty, or Honour, *catch at the preſent Emergencies*, have neither Faith, *Hope*, nor Patience to wait till the day clear up, and the *Storm be over*, but run *for Shelter* to the Bramble, whereby they will certainly looſe *all the wool* off their backs, it is well if their Fleſh eſcape: whereas he is groundfaſt and ſafe, that keeps to this *certain* Principle of *Truth*, namely, that the great Intereſt and Welfare of the People, is the Welfare and Intereſt of the King, and the great Welfare and Intereſt of the King, is the Intereſt and Welfare of his People; to *this ſenſe* ſpeaks King *James* in many *Speeches*; and his Son, our late King *Charles* took for his Motto, *Amor Livium Munimentum Regis*. The King has no *Fortreſs* like the *Hearts* and *Love* of his People: And what his Peoples *Mind* and *Hearts* are, *is beſt known*. ——

Tantivee. Ay, How, I pray thee, by the *Addreſſes*?

Whigg. —Piſh— By the Parliament only; nor was ever King happy that did not follow and make frequent uſe of their *Advice* as well as *Aid*; other Counſellors ('tis poſſible) may be Pentioners to other Princes; a Liſt of ſuch we have in King *James's* time, *Pentioners* to *Spain*, to the ruine of the *Palatinate*, and the Proteſtants of *Germany*; 'tis poſſible too, a long, long Parliament (like *ſtaning* Poles) might have ſuch *Vermine* as *Pentioners* in it; but frequent Parliaments are not capable of ſuch Dreggs, *Dregs* ſo vile, and of *ſo vile a nature* (as Pentioners are) that they *diſgrace the Dunghill* and the *Gibbet*; *Judas's*, *Eſau's*, that ſell their Birth-rights for a triffle; nay, *worſe than that wicked One*, they ſell all our Birth-rights, as well as their own; I have no patience to think of theſe *Skums of the Country*, the vileſt of Robbers, and the *worſt of Thieves*; there *will be a Courſe taken with ſome of them, as cunning as they are*.

Tory. In the *Interim*, they will make you *Whiggs* weary of your *Lives*.

Whigg. Gods Will be done; However they cannot ſell our Rights to Chriſt, the Goſpel, and to Heaven, nor of the deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt, which is far better than to live to be Plagued, Jayled, *Harras't*, *Harris't*, Sworn out of our Lives, and Eſtates, and Liberties, Fin'd and Excommunicated, having no quiet Dwelling-Place.

Tantivee. That was the Lot of your *Betters*.

Whigg. That is no excuſe for the *Perſecutors*, that pretend to be Chriſtians, nor does one jot leſſen the Crime; go, *fill up the meaſure of your Fathers*; but your Zeal (Mr. *Tantivee*) would be with more Credit to your Spiritual Function, and Spiritual Courts, better vented againſt *Tories*, *Pandars*, Drunkards and Atheiſts, *Curſers* and *Blaſphemers*, Bawds

Bawds and Parasites, *Whores* and *Rogues*, Apostates and Traytors, *pimping Cuckolds*, and *Cuckold-Makers*. 1 Caroli 1.

Tantivee. Ay, I know who you mean, but no matter for that, our *Tantivee-Divinity lyes* another way.

Whigg. And *let it lye*, God bless me from that *Religion* that neither studies, nor endeavours Sobriety, nor a Holy Life, nor incourages Vertue, nor discourages Vice, but (*on the contrary*) denounces Wrath and Excommunication, and Jayles against all Appearances of Godliness that is not *Uniform and Conform* to their little pritty way.

Tantivee. I like you not (*Whigg*) nor your Discourse; I pray you, brother *Tory*, put him out of this Story, let us hear of the Money that first Parliament gave; Was it but *two Subsidies*? Caroli I. Augusti 1.

Tory. No, no, yet the King thankt them for that, but told them withal, that his necessities required *more*, and the Parliament was Adjourned (by reason of the raging Plague) to *Oxford*, and met there, *August 1st.*

Tantivee. But did they give any more Money?

Tory. Not a penny, from first to last, for then, and there unluckily came the News of the *Men of War* (lent by King *James* to the *French King*, to be employed in his War against the *Genoueses*, but they made a *shorter Trip*, and were) made use of by the *French* King *against the* Protestants *at Rochel*, under the Command of Admiral *Pennington*. This gave the Parliamnnt *great Ombrage* and *Disgurst*. Old Whiggs

Whigg. Can you blame them?

Tantivee. And *Jealousies and Fears*, I'l warrant.

Tory. The Parliament grew *sullen*, *whiggish*, and *discontented*, and the Seamen also turned *whiggish*, and would not fight against *their Brethren*, *the Protestants of France*, but mutiny'd; and in a Tumult, weighed their *Anchors*, and brought their Commanders and the Ships for *England*, notwithstanding the Command of L. *Conway* (Secretary of State) to the contrary.

Tantivee. Those Mariners smelt a Popish-Plot, I will warrant; this *Whiggisme* is an old *English Disease*, 'tis bred in the Bone, I think.

To. The chief Minions of State were then, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and *Laud*, till *Buckingham* was soon after Stab'd at *Portsmouth*, about to go to *Rochel*, and then *Laud* alone carried it, till the E. of *Strafford* also *put in for a share* with him. *Buckingham* commands the Admiral and the revolting Ships back again to *Diep* in *France*, commanding them to put the Fleet into the hands of the *French Marquess De Effiat*, which was done accordingly.

Whigg. How has poor *England*, and their Parliaments, and their Fleets been plagued with these Papists and *French*, time after time?

Tantivee. But did the *Whiggish Seamen* (at length) serve the Design?

Tory. *Not a man of them, except one old* Gunner, *a true Tory-boy*, that stuck to his *Pan-pudding*, but all the rest (*Runaway Rascals*) deserted the Ships, lost their Pay, and got away, and came home. But the *Great-Neptune* was brought off, Ship and Men, by the Commander, Sir *Ferdinando Gorges*.

Tantivee. Did he not loose his Commission for that Trick?

Tory. No doubt on it. But the Parliament fell hotly upon the Grievances. 1. *Mispending* the Publick Treasure. 2. The *neglect of Guarding* the Seas. 3. *Jealousies of the Growth of Popery and Arminianisme*, and Dr. *Mountague* is again Summoned to appear before the House of Commons, at the Bar. Three Grievances. August 4.

Whereupon the King calls the Parliament (to his Royal Presence) into Christs-Church-Hall in *Oxford*, telling them that (Indeed) towards this Intended War with *Spain*, the Parliament had given King *James* three *Subsidies*, and three *Fifteens*, and that the Parliament had called a *Council* for the War, and *Treasurers* for issuing the Money and that all was dispended; and that the two *Subsidies* they had given him was not (indeed) *yet gathered*, but it was *disbursed already*, Money being taken up upon the Credit of it, and *all gone*, and as far short, as yet to set forth that Navy now preparing, promising also to give the Parliament a true account of it, *how*, and *when*, and for *what* Expended.

Tantivee. And would not that do, and melt their Hearts to give more money, when all was spent already?

Tory. No, *not one Farthing*; and yet the King commanded the Secretaries of State more particularly to declare the present Posture of Affairs, which was done accordingly, to

ſame Effect —— That two *Subſidies* were already given, and graciouſly accepted, but the money thereof, and much more, are already diſburſed; that a Fleet is now at Sea, haſtning to their Rendezvous; the Army ready at *Plimouth*, expecting only their Commanders and Money, and that there wants *yet four hundred thouſand pound*; that his Majeſty is verily perſwaded that there is no King that *loves his Subjects*, Religion, and the Laws *better than himſelf*.

Tantivee. And would not *that melting Expreſſion ſoften* them into good humour, to part with their money to ſo *Loving a King*.

Tory. No, and yet the Treaſurer added, that the late King dyed in debt to the City of *London*, a hundred and twenty thouſand pound, and for *Denmark*, and the *Palatinate*, a hundred and fifty thouſand pound, and for his *Wardrope* fourty thouſand pound, beſides his preſent Majeſties Debts to the City of *London*, ſeventy thouſand pound.

Charles I.

Tantivee. That ſame City (*ſurely*) has got the *Philoſophers-Stone*, Is there no draining the Fenns?

Tory. Do not Interrupt me) Beſides, his Majeſty was indebted to *the Navy* twenty thouſand pound, and for Count *Mansfield* twenty thouſand pound, and for *Mourning and Funeral Expences for his Father*, fourty two thouſand pound, and for Expences concerning his *Dear* Queen, fourty thouſand pound, In all five hundred two thouſand pound; *a prodigious Summe to owe*, and almoſt *half as much* as the Exchequer was ſhut up for, and is now indebted to Widdows and Orphans, and others. I wiſh they were paid for my own ſake, and theirs.

Tantivee. And would not all the Declarations of theſe *great Wants* move the Parliament to open their Purſes for Supply?

Tory. Not a whit, for the Commons quite contrary, were rather more enraged at the *Reckoning*, and fell into high Debates.

Old Whiggiſh Methods.

1. With ſevere Reflections upon the Favourite *Buckingham*.
2. That Popery and Papiſts *are favoured and Advanced* notwithſtanding the Kings Promiſe to the contrary.
3. That the *Kings* Pardon is made a *Superſedeas* to the Laws Eſtabliſhed againſt Popery.
4. That the Pardon was Signed by the Principal Secretary of State, the *Lord Conway*, who ſaid he did it by the Kings expreſs Command, though it highly reflected upon the Secretary himſelf.

Whigg. Thus the *Old Engliſh* Parliaments are termed *Whiggiſh* by you, becauſe they have been long troubled with the *Yellows*, and *Jealowes* of Encroaching Popery. Can you blame them?

Tantivee. Methinks they might have been ſatisfied with the word of a King; and with the *Kings Declaration* put out againſt Popery and Papiſts.

Whigg. The *Kings Word*? May it be for ever Sacred, as his Perſon, and inviolable: But the *Commons* firſt made ſome Obſervations, that his Majeſty granted them a gracious Promiſe concerning Religion, by the *Lord Keeper*, in anſwer to their Petition concerning Religion, *July* 11. and the very next day, his Majeſty granted a Pardon unto *Alexander Baker*, a Jeſuite, and to ten other Papiſts, and paſſed by immediate Warrant, and recommended by the Principal Secretary of State, without the Payment of ordinary Fees: and further, that the *Secretary of State* writ to the 2 Juſtices of Peace in *Dorcetſhire*, in favour of *Mary Eſtmonds*, in whoſe Houſe were found divers Coppies of *dangerous Letters and Papers*, whereupon the ſaid Juſtices tendred her the *Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy*, which ſhe refuſing, was committed to the Conſtable, from whom ſhe made an *Eſcape*, and complained to the King, whereupon came the ſaid Letters to the ſaid two Juſtices, from the principal *Secretary of State*. 2. That the ſaid Pardon diſpenced with ſeveral Statutes, as 21, & 27, of Q. *Elizabeth*, and 3. of King *James*. 3. That the Pardon was Signed by the Principal *Secretary of State*: And therefore the Commons declared that theſe Actings tended to the Prejudice of true Religion, his Majeſties Diſhonour, the diſcountenancing of the Miniſters of Juſtice, the Grief of the good People, the animating of the Popiſh Party, who by ſuch Examples, grew more proud and inſolent, and to the diſcouragement of the High Court of Parliament; all which they deſire his Majeſty to take into conſideration, and to give effectual and ſpeedy redreſs therein.

July 11.
July 12.

Ruſhworth, p. 180.

The Lord *Conway*, Principal Secretary of State, being called to give an account of this buſineſs, anſwered,

1. That.

1. That he *never hated* the Popish Religion.

(*Tantivee.* No, I dare *Swear* for him, or if he did, he had wit, not to say, he did, for he knew the Queens Religion, and knew which way led to her Favour and Preferment, that lay in her Power, I commend him)

2. *Whigg.* He answered that the Pardon to the *Popish Priests* and Jesuits was granted before the King answered their Petition, though it bore not date till afterwards.

3. That *the King commanded* the doing thereof, and that no Fees should be taken; that he was also commanded by the King to write a Letter in favour of the Woman in *Dorsetshire*, and what he did therein, was to *take off all* Scandal from the King, though it *lighted* upon himself.

Tantivee. A hard Task.

Whigg. 'Tis *fit and just it should light* upon such evil Councellors as *Act* or *Advise* the King (in any thing) contrary to Law; for the King can do no wrong, but the *wrong* (though under the *Broad-Seal*) lights upon their Heads that have a *Hand* or *Head* in the Injury; read History, *all Minions* at long run are left to Gods Justice, and the Justice of the Laws, if for their *own Narrow Ends*, or *By-designs*, they counsel or act against the Fundamental Laws.

Tory. But (as I was saying) the Lords, Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons (in that first Parliament of the Reign of King *Charles* I.) Represent their *Fears* and *Dangers*;

The old Popish Plot.

1. In the Papists desperate Ends; namely, the *Subversion of Church and State.*
2. The Restlesness of their Spirit to attain these Ends.
3. The Doctrines of their Teachers and Leaders, perswading them that, therein they do God good Service.
4. Their Evident and Strict Dependency upon Forreign Princes, that no way affect the Good of his Majesty and his State.
5. The opening a way of popularity to the ambition of any who will adventure to make himself Head of so great a Party.

Mark that. Is it a Prophesy?

Together with eight principal Causes of the Increase of Papists, and sixteen Remedies; to which in a Parliamentary way, the King gave his Royal Assent in sixteen several Answers, promising to put the same in Execution; for which the Parliament gave him thanks, words for words, good words, for good words, but not one penny of Money, and so they were Dissolved at *Oxford*, having sate 12. days.

Dissolved, Aug. 12.

Tantivee. What, but twelve days?

Tory. No, Some have not sate at *Oxford* above half so long.

Tantivee. The Place may be never the more unlucky for Parliaments, *for all that*; do not you speak against *Oxford*, I, *Tantivee* (my own self) am an *Oxford Scholar.*

Whigg. A *Blocksford-Scholar* more like (good *Impertinent*) do not interrupt Mr. *Tory.*

Tory. Before the Parliament were Dissolved, the House of Commons foreseeing their latter End and Dissolution, agreed upon this short Declaration following;

We, the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses of the Commons House of Parliament, being the Representative Body of the Whole Commons of this Realm, abundantly comforted in his Majesties late gracious Answer touching Religion, and his Message for the Care of our Health, do solemnly Protest & Vow before God & the World, with one Heart & Voice, that we are all resolved, & do hereby declare, that we will ever continue most Loyal & Obedient Subjects to our most gracious Soveraign Lord King *Charles*, & that we will be ready in convenient time, & in a Parliamentary way, freely & dutifully to do our utmost Endeavours to discover & reform the Abuses & Grievances of the Realm & State (*Mark that*) & in like sort to afford all necessary Supply to his most excellent Majesty, upon his present, & all other his just Occasions & Designs, most humbly beseeching our Dear & Dread Sovereign, in his Princely Wisdom & Goodness, to rest assured of the true & hearty Affections of his poor Commons, & to esteem the same to be (as we conceive it is, indeed) the greatest Worldly Reputation & Security that a just King can have, & to account all such as Slanderers of the Peoples Affections, & Enemies to the Commonwealth (*yet again*) that shall dare to say the contrary.

Whigg. Well, *Tantivee*, Can any thing be more humbly Pen'd?

Tantivee. Words, words, *bona verba, bona verba*, It is the mode of Parliaments to address in all Humility, even in Remonstrances, but observe the Epithite (*just*) they will Supply his *just* Occasions.

1625. *Whigg.* Why, Is not that fair?

Tantivee. And they will be Judge of that *Juſt* Occaſion, and whether it be a *Juſt* Occaſion?

Whigg. Good reaſon! Otherwiſe they might give Money to hurt themſelves, and pay men Wages for hurting them; but the Proverb is, *Be it better, be it worſe, be ruled by him that bears the Purſe.*

Tantivee. But (*Mark.*) For all their Humility, how *bold and aſſured* the laſt Clauſe is —— *Enemies to the Common-wealth that ſhall dare to ſay the contrary.*

Whigg. The words of dying men are remarkable, they were their laſt words, juſt before their Diſſolution, and Diſſolved they were immediately by Commiſſion, directed to ſeveral Peers for that purpoſe.

Tantivee. But the Money (*Man*) How did the King do for Money?

Tory. He made *poor Shifts*, and they would not laſt neither, but were ſoon *worn out*; after his Parliament was Diſſolved, he took other meaſures, and other Councils. And firſt he endeavoured to get *Money* by the way of *Loan*, upon *Privy-Seals*, directed to ſeveral Perſons that were *Money'd Men*, and able to lend.

Whigg. I do not like this *lending whether I will or no* (and never re-paid) ſome have another Name for it.

Tory. It proved but like Drink to a man in a *Dropſie* (the more he drinks, the more is his Diſeaſe exaſperated, and the more he thirſts) for *theſe Loanes bred* a great deal of *Ill-blood*, and *bred Matter* of more Grievance, Heats, *Rage and Complaints* the next Parliament.

Whigg. It is always ſo, when men throw away wholſome Food and Phyſick agreeable to their Conſtitutions, to *browze upon French Quelque-Choſe*, and venomous *French-Muſhrooms* (meer Toad-ſtools) dreſs them how you will.

Tantivee. Give me the French-way tho, for my way.

Whigg. *Thy way?* Sycophant, thy way is *any way* that leads to Preferment, right or wrong; Thy way is *Mountagues way*, or *Manwarings way*, if a good Benefice ly at end of it; Thy way? with amendment to thee; ſuch ways as *thy ways* proved *the Ruine of King and Kingdom, and to the Tantivee Counſellors*, that adviſed theſe new illegal ways of Fiſhing for Money, the Judges that counſelled *Ship-mony*, *Loanes*, *Benevolences*, and the Favourites and Minions that hatcht the Projects, were all undone, runined and undone, in Concluſion with their Projects; *Poor-State-Empericks!* For ſooner or later, a Parliament will come, *Tantivee*; the old Fundamental Conſtitutions of this Kingdom and State, cannot be pulled up, nor pulled down, but the very Fall cruſhes to death the very Underminers, and it will ſtand again upon its antient Groundſel, Parliamentary Conſtitutions being connate and coæval with our *Engliſh-Monarchy* and *Common-wealth*, like ſome Incorporated Twins, they are *Born*, and *Live*, and *Die* together, or the *Life* (when one is dead) is but a *lingring Death*: It is not a few *Silly-Sinners* that fear Parliaments (as Thieves do the Aſſizes, and *upon the ſame account too*) for fear of being *Called to Account* for their wicked Deeds) that can long alter the antient *Engliſh* Frame and Fundamental Laws;

Dance in your Shackles then, let ſome
Sing *Huzzah*, till th' Aſſizes come
(The *Parliament*) your day of *Doome*
To *Tories* dreadful, and to *Rome*:
Why do you tremble ſo? and ſome
Aſtoniſh't ſtand? That day muſt come;
The longer ſtay, *the heavyer Doom*,
To *Sly-Tantivees*, and to *Rome*.

Tory. A Poet? (*Whigg*) I love this Chiming Chat.

Tantivee. No, I Swear, (*Brother Tory*) excuſe me for that: He *Rhymes with a Vengence*; I Swear, God forgive me, I Swear, that ſhould not Swear.

Tory. What a man is uſed to, he cannot help, Mr. *Curate.*

Whigg. 'Tis no wonder to hear a Parſon to Swear.

Tantivee. You *Whiggs* will not Swear, but you will Lye damnably; rot you for Sons of Whores; the Devil take m— you make a man mad.

Whigg.

Whigg. But be not ſo mad, as to Curſe and Damn your ſelf too; the Devil will not take you, though you beg and pray to him to do it, not as yet—He like a Cat that has got a Mouſe, gives the Ranters leave to play a little, knowing they are within his reach, he can have them *at any time*, and though they bid *the Devil take them* never ſo often, he will *not do that* for any mans pleaſure, that he can do *when he liſt*; nay, I do not ſee that the Devil makes over much haſt to take thoſe that *you Tantivees* do Curſe, Anathematize, *Excommunicate*, and ſend to the Devil; I do not think he is ſo much *your Humble Servant*, and at your Beck, as you would make the *Silly-Bigotted-World* believe.

Tantivee. *Damn your World*, I ſwear, I ſay again, *By God* Kings Reign, and ſhall Reign in ſpight of all the *Whiggs* in Chriſtendom.

Whigg. And I ſay, *By Chriſt* States do Reign, Tyrants, Turks, and Uſurpers do Reign too, and *ſhall*, as long as pleaſes God.

Tantivee. *You think a man Swears* (if he be a *Tory*) though he be *but at Repetition*; as I was (*now*) at no more than a *bare Repitition of my Text* yeſterday (*Prov.* 8. 15.) *By me* (ſaith God, or Chriſt, or Wiſdom) *Kings Reign.*

Whigg. And you *made woful work* with this at your Lecture?

Tory. He did (indeed) *claw it away*; and proved from this Text, that Kings were *Jure Divino*, by *expreſs Text of Holy Scripture.*

Whigg. —— *Claw it away?* right: ſuch *Sycophants* do nothing elſe but claw, they know *the way* to claw Preferment, is *to claw it away*; they remember *Mountague*, *Sybthorn*, and *Manwaring.*

Tory. I'l aſſure you, that M. *Tantivee* is a graduate, and no ſmall Fool, I aſſure you, he has been at the —— *Verſity.*

Whigg. That is, inſtead of being a *Simple Coxcomb*, he is one in *Mood and Figure*: come, come, *Cucullus non facit Monachum.*

Tory. No, nor a Skarfe doth not make a man a Doctor, you would ſay.

Whigg. No, *nor a Degree* make a man a *Divine*, though he Commence by the Favour and Influence of a *Morocco Mahometan*, or a *Bantum-Ambaſſadour.*

Tory. I know your meaning, *Whigg*, and your ſtingy Reflection and *Innuendo.*

Whigg. Know what you will (I ſay), ſuch Fellows *bewray the* very *Pulpit*, that take pieces of Texts of Holy-Writ, and know *not what they ſay*, nor whereof they affirm; but if they get a *piece* of a Text *by the end*, that's *no end on't*, but inſtead of being the *Clue* to lead us out of the *Labyrinth*, they do ſo *tear it*, and *towze it*, and *towzer it*, and make ſuch a *Hodge*-podge, that they looſe themſelves, and *Snarl* themſelves and the Holy Text, ſo that they *never find the right end.*

Tory. Then do you, Mr. *Whigg*, find the right end on't by *your fine* Comment.

Whigg. I am bred to modeſter Principles, than to fancy my ſelf a *Commentator*, yet *I can read*, and Mr. *Tantivee* here, can do *no more*; nay, he does not ſo much.

Tantivee. Your reaſon, dear Inſtructor.

Whigg. *If you will read on* (quite through your Text) you will ſoon find your Errour.

Tantivee. Come on then, I'l try. *Prov.* 8. 15, 16. *By Me Kings Reign, and Princes Decree Juſtice; by Me Princes Rule, and Nobles, even all the Judges of the Earth.* I proteſt, I never conſider'd my Context before: you know where I had my Sermon, 'tis in Print.

Whigg. *Look you now*, Did not I ſay, That they all Reign by God? Kings, Princes, States, Tyrants, Protectors, Nobles, Judges, *all Reign by God*; (that is) by Gods *Permiſſion*, not *all* by Gods *Commiſſion* and *Approbation*; Good Princes and Nobles, and Judges, Reign by Gods *Commiſſion* and *Approbation*; Bad Princes, Bad Nobles Bad Judges Reign too, but (as the Devil does, the Prince of the Air, and God of this World) Reign as long as they can, and *as long as God pleaſes to ſuffer them.*

Tory. Brother *Tantivee*, this is a *plague Whigg.*

Tantivee. Hang them, Damn them all, they'l lye confoundedly.

Whigg. And ſpeak Truth too confoundedly, will they not? To the confuſion of *Pulpit-Paraſites*? Remember *Mountague*, his *Apello Cæſarem* was Licenſed by four Biſhops, I could name them too,; but when the Parliament queſtioned the Book, they drew their Necks out of the Collar, and left the Licenſer fairly to ſhift for himſelf; (as Hiſtory tells us) having procured the Chaplain D. *Francis White* to Licenſe it, whom the Biſhops left to appear alone in the Teſtimony, as himſelf oft-times complained publickly. *Ruſhworth Collect. Vol. 1. P. 173.*

Tantivee. Ay, I would have done ſo my ſelf.

Whigg. No doubt on't, thou wilt be a Confeſſor when the Wind is on thy ſide, but —— *no Martyr for Religion, nor for State.*

Tantivee. No, I ſwear (Mr. *Fox.*) excuſe me for that.

Whigg. We will believe thee without *Swearing* : Art thou not like the Vicar of *Bray*? Or Collonel *Ecebolius*? Who was a *Heathen* under the Emperour *Libanius*, a *Chriſtian* under *Conſtantine* and *Conſtantius*; an *Apoſtate*, under *Julian*, and (would have been) a *Chriſtian* again under *Jovian*; but they would not admit the *Renegade*.

Tantivee. Would they not? I ſee the Primitive Chriſtians could for a need be a little *Hard-Hearted*.

Whigg. *Hard-Hearted?* You Wretch! What Vermine are worſe? What *Plagues more fatal* to King and Country, Peace and Religion, than Wretches that have no Soul, no Principles of Religion, nor Honeſty, *no* (nor ſo much as brave Heathens had) *Principles of Honour*.

Tory. *We ought* all to *change*, or elſe how can we *repent*, *amend*, or grow better?

Whigg. *Change?* Yes, 'tis good; but he ſhall find a *Curſe*,
That changes *not for better*, *but for worſe*.

Tantivee. Poor *Whigg*! I did not think thou hadſt ſo much *Hope* and *Courage* left; in the *Interim*, we'l try your *Patience*.

Whigg. Nay, I don't queſtion it, for men of your way have *that one good Quality*, you can with your Cruelty, exerciſe and *exert other Mens* Vertues, though not *your own*.

Tantivee. We'l find work for your *Patience*, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*; we will, I ſay.

Whigg. No doubt on't, *go on*, men in your way, were *alwayes met with* at the long run.

Tantivee. I do not like this Fellows Preſage; It makes me *tremble to think on it*; ſee how my Knees knock together; to divert my *Cold Fit* (good Brother *Tory*) go on with your *Story* —— Was there *any Money got* upon the *Loanes* and *Privy-Seals*?

Tory. Some there were, but it loſt more Hearts and Love, than ten times the Money was worth; yet the King with ſuch helps as he could, and running into Debt, with much ado, ſends out a Fleet under the Command of Sir *Edward Cecil*, Viſcount *Wimbleton*, *Admiral*, the Earl of *Eſſex* (fifteen years after, General of the Parliaments Forces againſt the Kings Forces at *Edgehill*) was *Vice-Admiral*, and coming upon the Coaſt of *Spain*, they found a Conqueſt ready to their Hands, the *Spaniſh Shipping* in the Bay of *Caliz*, but they *neglected* to attack it; but Landed men under the Command of Sir *John Burroughs*, to little purpoſe; therefore Shipping the Men again, they deſigned to wait for the *Spaniſh-Plate-Fleet*, which was ſhortly expected; but that purpoſe too, was *to no purpoſe*; for without Money, or Honour gained, they returned ſhabby, and poor, and ſickly to *England*.

But were commanded not to Disband, and the *Train-Bands* are Exerciſed throughout *England*; the *Plague* encreaſing at *London*, part of *Michaelmas-Term* was Adjourned to *Reading* in *Berkſhire*, and the King declares his Purpoſe for his *Coronation* upon *Candlemas-Day*.

February 2. *Tantivee.* But where is the Money all this while?

Tory. There was another new way Projected, but little came on it; namely, A Proclamation was iſſued out for all that had 40 *l. per Annum*, to come and receive the Order of Knighthood.

Tantivee. Would I had been alive in thoſe days; my *Curates-Place* is worth 40 *l. per annum*, I would have been a Knight, *by the Maſs*.

Whigg. You are a *Sir John*, already, *Domine*: *Domine Tantivee*; but you are good for nothing but to interrupt *(with your prate)* wiſer Men than your ſelf; I am Earſick of your Company, though you were in the Pulpit; go on, *Tory*.

Tory. Some would pay Fines, rather than be Knighted; and ſome Money was got, but it made another Grievance, and bred bad Humours, and Cholerick Heats in the next Enſuing Parliament (which the King found to be *his ſureſt Friend* to truſt to) It *Met*, February 6: at *Weſtminſter*.

Whigg. No more *Oxford-Parliaments then* in that Kings Reign.

Tory. No, nor any where elſe, but in the old Place, the old Pallace; when, and where his Majeſty (being ſet in his Royal Throne) ſpoke by the Mouth of the Lord-Keeper *Coventry*, much what to the old purpoſe, and about the thing (*you wot of*) the *one thing neceſſary*, preſſing Diſpatch withal, and Expedition.

Tantivee

Tantivee. Ay, but let us hear of the Money, What Money did they give?

Tory. Instead of that, 1. They give fair words, thanking his Majesty for his gracious Answer to their Petition about Religion.

Old English Methods.

2. They took into consideration the publick Grievances.

1. The Miscarriage at *Cales*.

2. The Favouring of *Papists*.

Grievances.

3. Evil Councellors about the King.

4. The Loanes, Knighthood-Money, and other Taxes.

5. An account to be given of the three Subsidies, and three Fifteens granted (21 *Jacobi*) to King *James*; and the Kings Revenue was mis-employed.

6. *Montague*'s Book, wherein he endeavoured to reconcile *England* to *Rome*, &c. and to alienate the Kings Affections from his well affected Subjects, and accordingly, Articles of Impeachment were exhibited against him.

Articles against Mr. Mountague.

1. That he had affirmed (in his Answer to the *Gagg*) That the Church of *Rome* hath ever remained firm upon the same Foundations of Sacraments and Doctrine (a pure Bishop) by God; and that the Controversies betwixt the Church of *England* and *Rome*, are of lesser and inferiour Nature, of which a man may be ignorant without any danger to his Soul.

Tantivee. *Tdad*, I think *I am just of that Opinion* my self, I have not so much hatred to *Popery*, but I think it would be Christianly done to be reconciled, and become one again, even shake Hands, and be Friends; Was he made a Bishop for this?

Whigg. *Silence there* in the Court (good Impertinent) let us *hear out* the Articles.

Tory. Whereas the 19*th*. Article of our Church saith, That the Church of *Rome* hath Erred, not only in their Living, and Matters of Ceremony, but also in Matters of Faith.

2. That the said *Mountague* hath affirmed, that Images may be used for the Instruction of the Ignorant, and Exaltation of Devotion, contrary to the express words of the *Second Homily*, against the peril of Idolatry, which saith, *That Images teach no good Lesson, neither of God nor Godliness, but all Errour and Wickedness.*

Moreover, that he there asserts *Tutelary Saints* and *Angels*, and that men once Justified, may fall from Grace, and sundry other Arminian Points.

All which Offences and Errours, being a Dishonour to God, and of evil consequence to the Church and Commonwealth; they pray that the said *Richard Mountague* may be punish't (so he *was with a Bishoprick or two*) and that his Book may be suppressed and burnt; and Mr. *Pym* made a Report of the several Erroneous Opinions contained in Mr. *Mountagues* Book.

Tantivee. Oh, ho! *Old Pym*, I have heard of him.

Pym's Character.

Whigg. It may be so, and so has every man vers't in History, he was a most learned Lawyer, a most Eloquent Oratour, and of solid and sound Judgment, equalling his Eloquence, a true Patriot, and a Parliament Man in every succeeding Parliament, to his dying day.

Tory. The 7*th*. Grievance was for Ships taken from our Merchants by the *French*, as likewise ours making Reprisals upon them. *Grievance 7*

Lastly, The ill management of the money granted for the Relief of the *Palatinate*. *Grievance 8*

But the King by *Secretary Cook*, presseth the Commons for Supply, but the Commons decline all Supply, and begin to consider the Cause and Cure of the Evils, pointing particularly at the D. of *Buckingham*, wherein they were a little interrupted by the Kings *Message*, and Letter by Sir *Richard Weston*, Chancellor of the Exchequer, directed to the *Speaker*, requiring a full and perfect Answer what they will give for Supply, &c. And that once done, his *Majesty* promises to continue them together at this time, so long as the Season will permit, and call them again shortly, and willingly apply fit and seasonable Remedies for their Grievances.

Whigg. If Kings of *England* would take advice of their great and best Counsel, the *Parliament*, there would be no Grievances, nor never any want of *Money*, but *ask and have*: 'Tis a wonder to me, that ever any should dare to advise any King against his only Interest, *his Peoples Welfare*, for which Kings were first invented, whether you know it, or no. *Whiggish Principle.*

Tantivee. Oh, ho, you are for the old Whiggish *Maxim*, *Salus Populi*, *Suprema Lex*, The Peoples Welfare is the Supream and Chiefest Law.

Whigg. Yes, yes, *you have hit it right* for once, and for once ſpeak true, that is *my Principle*, and ſhall be all true *Engliſh* mens Principles, when *Tantivees* and their Doctrine of *Court-Fawning* will fit them for the Dunghill, and make them odious and loath'd by *Mankind*.

Tantivee. This was the old *Flea* in XLI. in the late Rebellion.

Whigg. Rebellion? There can be *no Rebellion againſt the King*, but what is *Rebellion againſt his Laws*; and Laws he has none, nor ever had, but what are confirmed, allowed, if not made in Parliament: If any King of *England* had in a Feaver been diſtracted, and run out of his Wits (as did a late King of *France*) and would kill and ſlay his Subjects that came near him, thou art ſuch an Aſs, as to think this is *no wrong to the Subjects, becauſe the King does it*, who can do no wrong.

Tantivee. Yes, yes, I do not think in ſuch a caſe, that it is lawful to bind him, laying violent Hands upon him, this is to act like a *Rebel*.

Whigg. And thou, *Tantivee*, talks worſe ſenſe than thy Predeceſſor, *the Prophets Aſs, Baalam's Aſs* was not ſuch a Coxcomb, but without a Fee, Pleaded for *Propriety*, and *Liberty from unreaſonable, and unconſcionable beating and blows*. And when ſuch a *furious King* returned to his Wits, and was come to himſelf again, he would find Law enough to hang ſuch Coxcombs and Tantivee-Councellors as permitted him to do ſo much miſchief, and would not hold his Hands; nay, though they killed, beat, or ſlew any of his Subjects at his bidding, if the Law alſo did not concur (I mean not *Summum Jus*, or Rigour of the Law, for executing whereof *Empſon* and *Dudley* were Hanged, and yet they had the Letter of the Law, and the Kings Broad-Seal to authoriſe and warrant them) nay, *Tantivee*, if you will believe our own Gracious Soveraign, that has *tryed both ways*, by ſad Experience, he tells us in his Declaration for Indulgence, 'That it was evident by 'the ſad experience of twelve Years, that there is very little Fruit of all thoſe forceable 'Courſes, and therefore (ſaith his Majeſty) we do now iſſue this our Declaration, as well 'for the quieting of the Minds of our good Subjects in thoſe Points, for inviting Strangers 'in this Conjuncture, to come and live under us, and for the better Incouragement of all 'to a chearful following of their Trades and Callings, from whence we hope, by the 'Bleſſing of God, to have many good and happy Advantages to our Government; as 'alſo for the preventing for the future, the danger that might otherwiſe ariſe from pri-'vate *Meetings*, and Seditious Conventicles.

Tantivee. Whigg, ſure you quote this *Declaration* wrongfully.

Whigg. Then Judge you, for here is the Declaration *Verbatim*.

Tantivee. Nay, I cannot diſprove it, for it is in Print, I ſee, but what ſaid the *Tantivee*-Clergy to this?

Whigg. What? What ſhould they ſay? Many of them rid Tantivee the ſame Religion the King is of, *right* or *wrong*; they are for keeping their Tithes and their Benefices; like *Ecebolius*, &c.

Tantivee. But what ſaid the *Papiſts* to that *Declaration*?

Whigg. Coleman ſaid in his Letters, that he deſigned it in theſe *Infant-Times*, when *Popery* could ſcarce go alone.

Tantivee. And are the Papiſts now in hope of *greater Strength*?

Whigg. I ſee (*Tantivee*) thou knoweſt nothing of the *Intrigues*, though thou art ſuch a conſtant *News-Monger* at *Sam's Coffee-Houſe*: In hopes of greater Strength? *Man*; In hopes to carry all before them, as *Coleman* ſaid, *Now is the time*, of all other, ſince the Days of Bleſſed Queen *Mary*, of rooting out this *Northern Hereſy*.

Tantivee. Our Weapons then are only *Prayers and Tears*.

Whigg. Then I am afraid thy Tools are too *ſhort*, and thy Weapons *Formal* and *little worth*; Prayers and Tears are *the only meanes*, when *we have no other*, if we lay in a Ditch, or in a Pit; but if we have *Hands, Heads, or Hearts*, and can *contrive a way to ſcramble out*, and will not uſe them, otherwiſe than to *wring our Hands and weep*; 'tis a pitty we have Hands, or Heads, and will not uſe them in our own *Help* and *Defence*; a pitty but we ſhould even dye in the *Ditch*.

Tantivee. Thou talk'ſt like a *Rebel*.

Whigg. Thou talk'ſt like an *Aſs*: Why has God and Nature, thinkeſt thou, given men Eyes, Hand, and Members, but for uſe, and to employ them in defence of our God our King, our Religion, our ſelves, and our Laws? Why doſt not thou, and ſuch ſilly

Tan-

Tantivees as thou, uſe the ſame only *Weapon* of Prayers and Tears *againſt Phanaticks* ?

Tantivee. Oh! If they grow too Rampant, they'l be in Rebellion again, we muſt keep them under, and call them *Coram nobis.*

Whigg. And yet againſt *Popery*, (that bloody Religion) you have no Weapons but *Prayers and Tears*, you'l truſt God; Oh Hypppocriſy and palpable Diſſimulation! Out of thy own mouth I will Judge thee, *thou wicked Tantivee* ! Is *Prayers and Tears* Weapons enough againſt *Papiſts* ? When Jayls and Fines, and Impriſonments, and all *Harriſhing Cruelties* are little enough againſt *Proteſtant Diſſenters* ? Out thou *Vermine*: I could ſpit at thy damnable Hypocriſy, and non-ſenſical Principles, inconſiſtent with themſelves, inconſiſtent with the Opinion and Judgment of the King in his ſaid Declaration, and inconſiſtent with the Judgment of the three laſt Parliaments

This Doctrine of Prayers and Tears (*the only Chriſtian Weapons*) was wonderfully inculcated of old in *Ireland* juſt before the *Maſſacre* in XLI. Which was not only bloodily (*two hundred thouſand Proteſtants*, Men, Women, and Children *Butchered*) but barbarouſly with *unheard of Cruelties* carryed on, to make them *feel* Death, and be *long a dying*, Innocence could not protect the Sucking Babes (for they ſaid, *Nits would be Lice*) and more than twenty times, when the poor Babes, to ſee the Mother hanged, have cryed out *Mammy, Mammy*; they have ſtuck it through the Belly, and upon a Halbands-point, reach't it up to kiſs its dying Mother, laughing to ſee how with his expiring Breath, it would kiſs the dead Mother, as ſhe hung, *crying*, till it dyed at her lips, *Mammy, Mammy.*

Tantivee. Why? You pitiful *Whigg*, Doth not the Bible ſay, and tell us the manner and manners of a King, namely, *He will take your Sons and appoint them for himſelf, for his Chariots, and to be his Horſemen, and ſome ſhall (be Footmen) run before his Chariots, and he will appoint him Captains over Thouſands, and Captains over Fifties, and will ſet them to Ear his Ground, and to reap his Harveſt, and to make his Inſtruments of War, and Inſtruments of his Chariots: And he will take your Daughters to be Confectionaries, and to be Cooks, and to be Bakers.* 1 Sam. 8. 11.

Whigg. If it muſt be ſo, I had rather my Daughter ſhould be *his Cook*, than *his Whore.*)

Tantivee. *And he will take your Fields and your Vineyards, and your Olive-yards, even the beſt of them, and give them unto his Servants: And he will take your* Tenth (*or Tithes*) *your Seed, and of your Vineyards, and give to his Officers, and to his Miniſters: And he will take your Men-Servants, and your Maid-Servants, and your gooolieſt Young-men, and your Aſſes, and put them to his Work: And he will take the Tenth of your Sheep, and ye ſhall be his Servants.*

Whigg, Nay, read on (the next Verſe) *And ye ſhall cry out in that day becauſe of your King, which ye ſhall have chozen, and the Lord will not hear you in that day.*

Look you, Sir, look you, this was a King that God gave in his Wrath; Have a care how you miſapply Holy Scripture Hand over Head; and do not compare the Kings of *England*, which God and our Laws have given to us for our good (we cannot live happily without them, nor they without us) but do not compare them to that wicked *Saul*, or *Solomon*, or the worſer *Tyrant that would have been* (but that he had not his Fathers wit) that Coxcomb *Rhehoboam*, that loſt ten parts of his Crown, with a Hectoring word, inſtigable by a *Cabal* of ſilly young *Tory-Councellors, as ſilly as himſelf.*

Tan. Ay, but it is a known Maxim in *England*, and in Law, That *the King can do no wrong.*

Whigg. That *is as great a Truth*, as ever you uttered in, or out the Pulpit: I perceive it is poſſible for you Prieſts (like *Cajaphas* the High-Prieſt) to ſpeak Truths which you underſtand not; What do you mean by ——— *The King can do no wrong* ?

Tantivee. The words are plain and eaſy, *I mean*, The King can do no wrong.

Whigg. How do you mean, in his *Politick* Capacity, or his *Private* Capacity ?

Tantivee. I like not this Diſtinction.

Whigg. No? Then you muſt forbear your *Politick Maxims*, or talk in the Clouds; For is it not poſſible that a King may Swear, or Blaſpheme, Forſwear, break his Oath, taking Gods Name in vain? This is a *Wrong to God.* Is it impoſſible a King may lye with his Neighbours Wife? This is a *wrong*, a tripple *wrong*; 1. To the *Cuckold.* 2. To the *Whore*, and her Soul at leaſt, if not to her Body, and if all be not ſound, within and without. 3. To the *Cuckold-Maker* moſt of all, in Soul, Body, and Eſtate; and for which all *Engliſh-men* are bound by Law, to Curſe him by Law, and by Book, the *Common-Prayer-Book* (every *Aſh-wedneſday* at leaſt) once a year, and as often beſides as the Miniſter thinks fit, and all the People ſhall ſay *Amen.*

And for these, and all other his Sins, as a Man and a Christian, the *Papists* and *Presbyterians* say he must be accountable to the Priest by Confession, Penance, and Stool of Repentance: No King is exempt from that Scripture, that commands all Christians *at all times to be ready to give an Answer to every man that asks them a reason of the Hope that is in them, with Meekness and Fear.*

This must be understood, in his Personal Capacity; for as a King, he is accountable to no man; for he (as a King, or in his publick Capacity) can do no wrong, It is impossible he
1 *Pet.* 3. 15. should do wrong as a King; for if any thing pass in his Name, though under Broad-Seal, or Privy-Seal; it is so far from being wrong, if contrary to Law, that it is *nothing*, nothing at all, and *stands for nothing*, but the evil Instruments that have a hand in it, are accountable (and they only Accountable) for the wrong.

Tory. *Almost* thou perswadest me to be a *Whigg*.

Whigg. I doubt not but to make all rational *English-men* perfectly Convert, if they will listen to reason, but for *Mr. Tantivee* here, there is no hopes of him, *Venter non habet Aures*; his Ears are closed, and his *Tongue* wags just as the *Tongue* of his Church-Bells, even just as Men of the Church pull them this way, or that way, 'tis all one to *Ting, Tang, Tongue*; they have *but one Note*, and *one Vote* amongst them all; Is there an Election of Knights of the Shire? Who is *Tantivee* for? He has no *Choice*, but (like his Bells) *Hang Choice*; let him *look upon his Letter* wrote to him and all the Clergy in the *Diocess*, by the great *B*—— His Conscience is like his Finger-Watch; *What's a Clock?* He looks at the Church-Dyal, *and according to that Index*, his Index sets his Finger-Watch, be it XII, or I; though it go not, nor has any proper motion of its own, yet be it XII, or I, by the Church-Clock, his Finger-Watch stands right, and is perfectly Conformable.

Tory. Come (*Whigg*) This is home upon him, and not to be denyed, I see the man is silenc't; I will go on with my Story;

The Kings Letter and Message (aforesaid, by Sir *R. Weston*) to the *Speaker*, added, That the Fleet was returned, the *Victuals* spent, the Men must be discharged, and their *Wages* paid, or else a Mutiny would follow; That 40 Ships were made ready to be set forth on a Second *Voyage*, wanting nothing but Victuals and some Men, and not to be done without Money; That the Army on the Sea-coast must be Disbanded, if they had not a speedy Supply of Victuals and Cloaths. That the Souldiers sent to *Ireland* will prove the Authors of Rebellion, if they be not provided for; That the Season for providing Victuals will be past, if this Month be neglected, concluding with a Desire to know, *What they would give?*

Tantivee. Ay, let me hear that, *What Money* did they give?

Tory. *Not a penny*, but said, That grosly to feed a Diseased Body, full of bad Humours, would but nourish the Disease, and make it more foul, till it be purged; no good could be done, till the Cause, the great Cause of all those Distempers was taken away, (which they boldly and plainly called by name) the D. of *Buckingham*.

But the *Commons* answered his Majesties Letter and Message with very gentle Words, That no King was ever dearer to his People than his Majesty, no People more zealous to maintain the Kings Love and Greatness, that they can have no End but the Service of his Majesty, and Safety of his Realm, in discovering the *Causes*, and proposing the *Remedies* of the great Evils which have occasioned his Majesties *Wants*, and his Peoples *Grief*, that they then intend to supply his Majesty in such a way, as may make him safe at Home, and feared Abroad; for the dispatch whereof they would use such diligence as his Majesties pressing, and present Occasions should require.

His Majesty replyed, That he liked well of the Answer of the *Commons*, and took it for a full and satisfactory Answer, and thankt them for it; but withal, told them, that he would not allow any of his Servants to be questioned amongst them, much less such as are of Eminent Place, and near unto him, *&c.* concluding that he would have them hasten for his Supply, or else it will be worse for themselves, for if any Ill happen, he thinks *he shall be the last that shall* feel it.

Then stands up Sir *John Elliot*, declaiming against the *Duke*, saying — *This last Action was the Kings* first *Action*; *and the first Actions of Kings are of great Observance in the World for Esteem, or Dis-esteem; That the Duke is Lord Admiral, manages all, and yet stays at Home, and ought to execute the Place, or leave the Place: Are not Honours sold, and made despicable? Are not Judicial Places sold, and Military Places by Sea, by Land?* Then cites Precedents; *That great Ministers of State have been questioned in Parliament, as* 16 Hen. 3. Hugo de Burgo *was found faulty, when the Treasure was exhausted, and was displaced, and then (and not till then) the Commons gave Supply. So in* 10. Ric. 2. *The Parliament would not*

give

give till the Earl of Suffolk, *who over-rul'd all, was queſtion'd & puniſh'd for his demirits*, &c.

However the Houſe minded the Kings Supply, and Voted 3 *Subſidies* and 3 *Fifteens*. but withal make the Proceedings againſt the Duke, go hand in hand; whereupon, the King commanded both Houſes to attend him in the Banquetting-Houſe at *Whitehall*, but for ſeveral Reaſons: The upper *Houſe of Lords* — to give them thanks for the care of the State of the Kingdom; But, Telling the *Houſe of Commons* that he was ſorry he may not juſtly give the ſame Thanks to them, and that he was come to ſhew them their Errours and Un-parliamentary Proceedings in Parliament (on which Theme the *Lord-Keeper* was commanded to enlarge) which he did, eſpecially in Apology for the Duke of *Buckingham*, &c. reproving Mr. *Cook*, and Dr. *Turner* for ſeditious Speeches, and yet that the Houſe did not correct them, nor cenſure them; requiring their poſitive Anſwer by *Saturday* next, about Supplyes: His Majeſty adding *theſe words* — (amongſt others) — Mr. *Cook* told you, *That it was better to be eaten up by a Forreign Enemy, than to be deſtroyed at Home*. Indeed I think it more Honour for a King to be Invaded, and almoſt deſtroyed by a Forreign Enemy, than to be deſpiſed by his own Subjects; remember that Parliaments are altogether in my Power, for their Calling, Sitting, or Diſſolution; therefore as I find the Fruits of them good or evil, they are to continue, or not to be, with more words to like effect.

Upon which the *Commons Houſe* turned themſelves into a grand Committee, and ordered the Doors to be locked, and that no Member go forth, till the Houſe came to a Reſolution; Namely, an Addreſs to his Majeſty about the *Duke*, and juſtifying the Proceedings againſt him to be *Parliamentary*, as alſo the *Examination of the Letters of his Secretary of State*, as alſo of his Majeſties *own*, and ſearching of the *Signet-Office*, and other Records; That the Houſe did check Mr. *Cook*, and was diſpleaſed, though Mr. *Cooks* explanation of his mind more clearly, did ſomewhat abate the Offence of the Houſe, but they would take it into further Conſideration, as alſo the buſineſs of Dr. *Turner*, and had done it ere this, had they not been interrupted by his *Majeſties Meſſage*. And if addition may be made of other things imparting his *Majeſties* Service, they were reſolved to ſupply him, ſo as to make him ſafe at home, and feared abroad.

Sir *John Suckling* ſays. That to deliver up a Servant to publick Juſtice, is a tender Conſideration, but publick Safety is the main, as the *Loadſtone* quits its particular Inclinations to a ſmall piece of Iron, to comply with *its common Quality*, and greater Body.

Read the *Engliſh Chronicles*, and the chief Differences have been in all Ages about *over-grown Favorites*, or evil deſigning Favorites, to whom Parliaments were always obnoxious and *vice verſa*, like two *Buckets* in a Well, when the one comes up the other goes down: but read the happy Reigns, and you will find no Favourite indulg'd ſo much as a Parliament, the Repreſentative of all the People, and *which alone can make an* Engliſh *King happy*; it is the old Foundation and Conſtitution of the State and Kingdom, and any other are weak, rotten, and tranſitory Crotches, and Crotchets, new Projects, and always fatal to the *Projectors*. If ever it proved otherwiſe, there might be ſome hopes it would do ſo ſtill.

Then the *Commons* drew up a Remonſtrance to his Majeſty, chiefly againſt the Duke, and afterwards an Impeachment.

The Duke Articled againſt the Earl of *Briſtol* in the Houſe of Lords, and the Earl articled againſt him, and alſo againſt the principal Secretary of State, the Lord *Conway*. In the Houſe of *Commons*, the *Marſhal of Middleſex* gave a Petition, that he was reſiſted in the *Clink-Priſon* in the County of *Surry*, in the apprehending ſeveral *Papiſh Prieſts*, namely, *Preſton*, and *Wanington*, *Cum*— and *Drayton*; in whoſe behalf the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* wrote to the Attourney-General, that they might have their *Images*, *Beads*, and *Crucifixes* re-delivered to them, excuſing the two firſt as Friends to the *Oath of Allegience*, and *Cum*— as an old *Man*, and well affected to the Cauſe, not meddling with any Factious or Seditious, as he could learn.

What the Articles were which in Parliament, were exhibited againſt the Duke of *Buckingham*, I refer the *Reader* to the Cronicles, only the 13*th*. and laſt Article I remember was, —— *That the Plaiſter and Potions which the Duke cauſed to be given to King* James, *in his ſickneſs, was a Tranſcendent Preſumption, of a dangerous Conſequence*.

But the Article at length is of ſo great length, that I ſhall not tranſcribe it here, but the Reader may gueſs at it, by what Mr. *Wandsford* (thereunto appointed by the Houſe of *Commons* enlarged thereupon) aggravating the Dukes Offence, by commending the Charity and Providence of that Law which makes it penal for unskilful *Empericks* and others to exer-

cise and Practise Physick upon Common Persons, without a lawful Calling and Approbation, branding them that thus transgress, as, *Improbos, Ambitiosos, Temerarios, & Audaces Homines.*

But he that without Skill and Calling, shall direct a Medicine, which upon the same Person had wrought bad Effects, enough to have disswaded a second Adventure, and then when Physitians were present, Physitians selected for Learning and Art, prepared by their Office and Oaths, without their consent, nay, even contrary to their direction, and in a time unseasonable, he must needs (said he) be guilty, albeit towards a Common Person, of a precipitate and unadvised Rashness.

Sir *Dudley Diggs* made the *Prologue* to the Impeachment; Mr. *Herbert* managed the *1st.* *2d.* and *3d.* Mr. *Selden* the *4th.* and *5th.* Articles; Mr. *Glanvil* the *6th.* *7th.* and *8th.* Mr. *Pym* and Mr. *Sherland* the *9th.* *10th.* *11th.* and *12th.* Articles; and Mr. *Wandsford* managed the *13th.* and Sir *John Elliot* the *Epilogue* of his Impeachment, at a Conference of both Houses.

The King stood firm to the Duke, and he was (during this Impeachment) made Chancellor of *Cambridg* Universitty: Imprisoned Sir *Dudley Diggs* and Sir *John Elliot*, at which the Commons were discontented.

And Sir *Dudley Diggs* being charged for saying in the Matter of applying the Plaister to his late Majesty, That *he did forbear to speak further of that, in regard of the Kings Honour*, or words to that effect: There passed a Protestation of every man in particular for himself, by *order of the House* of Commons, In these words ——

I Protest before Almighty God, and this House of Parliament, that I never gave consent that Sir Dudley Diggs *should speak these words that he is now charged withal, or any words to that effect: and I have not affirmed that he did speak such words or any to that Effect.*

Sir *Dudley Diggs* presently after made the same Protestation, and was released, as was also Sir *John Elliot*, from the Tower: And the Commons Vote, That Sir *Dudley Diggs*, Sir *John Elliot*, and the rest, who managed the Impeachment, had not exceeded their Commission.

4. *Mo.* 25. *Carol.* 1. The Lords also Petition the King for the Releasment of the Earl of *Arundel*, Prisoner in the Tower, for that his Imprisonment was against the Liberties and Priviledges of their House, concluding their Petition with these words —— *We all suffer in what he suffers in this Restraint.*

The *Lord-Keeper* (in answer thereunto) signified to the House, That he was commanded to deliver this Message from his Majesty unto their Lordships, *Viz.* That the Earl of *Arundel* was restrained for a Misdemeanour, which was Personal to his Majesty, and lay in the proper Knowledge of his Majesty, and had no relation to Matters of Parliament.

Whereupon the House was put into a Committee, and after great Search and Debate, It was resolved upon the Question —— *Nemine contradicente*; —— That the Priviledge of this House is, That no Lord of Parliament, the Parliament Sitting, or within the usual time of Priviledges of Parliament, is to be Imprisoned or restrained, without Sentence or Decree of the House, unless it be for *Treason*, *Felony*, or refusing to give Surety for the Peace.

And thereupon a Remonstrance was made, and Petition of the Peers, in Behalf of the Earl of *Arundel*, and their said Priviledges.

But an Answer being delayed from the 20. of *April*, till the 9. of *May*, on which day the Lords sent another Petition to his Majesty to the same effect, desiring his gracious and present Answer.

May. 11. And upon the 11*th.* of *May*, the Lord President reported the Kings Answer to the last Petition.

That he did little look for such a Message from the House, *&c.* taking exception at the peremptoriness of the Term —— To have a *present* Answer: Whereupon the House left out the word —— *Present.*

May 20. And the 20*th.* of *May*, the King returned an Answer —— And after many gracious Expressions, concluding as a fuller Answer than formerly, with these words ——

The Kings Answer. It is time I committed him for a Cause which most of you know, and though it had been no more I had reason to do it; yet, my Lords, I assure you I have things of far greater Importance to lay to his Charge which you must excuse me for, not to tell you at this time, because it is not yet ripe, and it would much prejudice my Service to do it, this by the *Word* of a King, I do not speak out of a desire to delay you, but as soon as it is possible, you shall know the Cause, which is such, as I know you will not Judge to be any Breach of your Priviledges; for, *My Lords*, by this I do not mean to shew the Power of a King, by diminishing your Priviledges.

This Answer being read, begot another Petition, that his Majesty would please to restore the said Peer to his Place, or express such a Cause, as may not infringe their Priviledges; which his Majesty (*May* 25.) promised to do with all convenient Speed; but the Lords Adjourn in *Disgust*, and resolve that all business be laid aside, and that consideration may be had how their Priviledges may be preserved to Posterity, and would entertain no other Business, till after several Adjournments at length on *June* 8. The Earl of *Arundel* was released, and gave his Majesty *Humble* Thanks, and their Lordships *Hearty* Thanks for their often Intercessions for him unto the King; protesting his Loyalty.

May 25. *June* 8.

Much about this time, Mr. *Moor*, a Member of the House of Commons, was committed to the Tower by the House of Commons, for words which seemed to reflect upon his Majesty —— saying, *We were Born Free, and must continue Free, if the King will keep his Kingdom*: adding these words, *Thanks be to God, we have no occasion to fear, having a Just and Pious King.*

But his Majesty signifying by a Message to the House, that he had passed by his Offence, Mr. *Moor* was thereupon released. Farewel.

Tantivee. How now? Mr. *Tory*, I hope you have not ended your History thus abruptly.

Tory. Yes, I must at present, however, perhaps hereafter I may find more leisure to discourse you both.

Whigg. I do not desire any more of Mr. *Tantivees* Company: but yours (Mr. *Tory*) is not so scandalous; a *Cobler* is ashamed to be seen in the Company of a *Tantivee*, the *Cartingle* is so deservedly *despicable*; If there were (tho) any hopes to Convert him, I would venter to meet you again.

Tory. There is no converting a *Tantivee*, but by giving him hopes of some *Ecclesiastical Promotion.*

Whigg. I see you have got his *Horoscope* and *Ascendant*: For to that *Elevation* he erects all his Extravagant Lines, and *Interfering Schemes*, and Figures.

FINIS.